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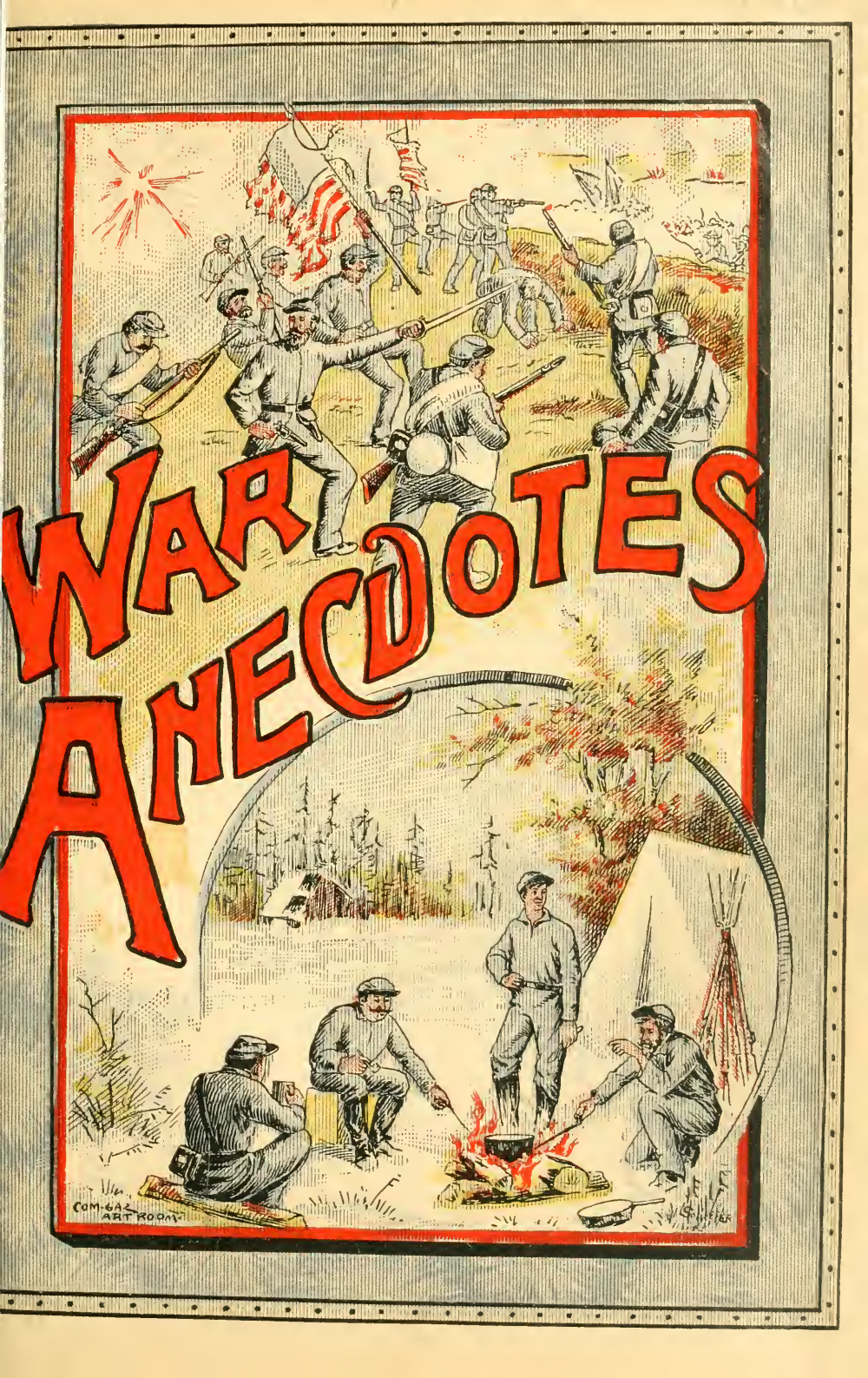
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War Anecdotes

—AND—

Incidents of Army Life.

REMINISCENCES FROM BOTH SIDES OF THE CONFLICT BETWEEN THE NORTH AND SOUTH.

Albert Lawson.

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War Anecdotes.

THE LAST MAN TO SURRENDER.

"The last man and the last ditch" were common figures of speech during the war, and strangely enough, they were definitely located long after the war itself had closed. On the morning of the Fourth of July, 1866, fifteen months after Lee's surrender, the Secretary of War, who had planned a fishing excursion to the Falls of the Potomac, received a telegram from the provost marshal at Richmond, Va., stating that a squad of Confederate soldiers were at his office ready to deliver up their arms and be amnestied. Knowing that joking of that description would subject the perpetrator to court-martial, he hurriedly went to the White House to consult President Johnson, which resulted in a telegram to the Provost Marshal: "Who are they and where did they come from?" The answer was to the point: "Sergeant Tewksbury and guard from Dismal Swamp. Did not know the war was over." After a good deal of laughter the provost marshal was ordered to receive their capitulation, which was conducted in due form. Tewksbury, an old Virginian, ordered his squad, a couple of Georgians, to give up their guns and sign the papers, reserving himself as the last man to surrender of all the Confederate forces. The old Sergeant's description of the way he ascertained the war was over was amusing. He and his companions had been posted on

the edge of the swamp to watch movements of Union troops from Norfolk, with orders to remain until relieved. He never was relieved and had subsisted on game and fish for three years. At last he met an old negro who told him that the war had been over about a year, which "tickled him better than if he had been kicked by a mule," as he facetiously expressed it.

THE FIRST UNION VOLUNTEER.

Colonel T. J. Kennedy, of Auburn, N. Y., claims to have been the first volunteer for the Union Army. So early as November, 1860, seeing that an armed struggle between the North and South was inevitable, he urged the immediate enlistment of men, to be drilled in anticipation of a call for troops. In January, 1861, he applied to Governor Morgan for authority to enlist a company, and his application was placed on file January 17. He did not wait to receive the authority, but proceeded to enlist men. When Fort Sumter was fired on, April 12, 1861, he had 175 men under drill. He offered the services of himself and men to the State the same day, and the same day his enlistment roll, his name being the first one upon it, was received and entered in the Adjutant General's office.

This patriotic distinction, however, is disputed by Captain W. W. Bush, of Lockport, N. Y. At noon, on the 15th of April, the news that the President had issued the call for troops was received. Bush ran at once to his place of business, drew up an enlistment roll and signed it. He then proceeded to enlist others. He raised a company, was made Captain, and went to the front with the first troops.

THE FIRST THREE YEARS REGIMENT.

On April 29, 1861, the Lieutenant Colonel and Major of what became the famous Second Massachusetts Regiment, induced the Secretary of War to sign a paper, agreeing to receive into the service of the United States for three years a regiment which Colonel George H. Gordon was then raising. This was five days before President Lincoln issued his first call for three years troops, and thus Colonel

Gordon's was the first three years regiment raised, though it was not numbered "1," the First three months Massachusetts regiment re-enlisting for three years and thus retaining that number.

THE NUMBER OF BATTLES.

During the war there were 2,261 encounters of all kinds between the opposing forces, distributed as follows: In 1861 there were 156. The number rose to 564 in 1862, increased to 627 in 1863, reached the maximum of 779 in 1864, and fell to 135 in 1865. In each of 149 of these encounters the Union loss in killed, wounded and missing exceeded 500 men. The loss of the Confederate side cannot as easily be ascertained.

THE LARGEST REGIMENTAL LOSS.

The Twenty-sixth North Carolina Regiment, of Pettigrew's Brigade, Heth's Division, Confederate Army, went into the fight at Gettysburg with over 800 men. It lost 86 killed and 502 wounded—many of them mortally hurt; total, 588, not including the missing, of whom there were about 120. In one company, 84 strong, every man and officer was hit; and the orderly sergeant who made out the list did it with a bullet through each leg. This was by far the largest regimental loss on either side during the war.

WHEN DID THE WAR END.

It is easy enough to fix a date for the beginning of the war, if we are to count from the opening of actual hostilities. But it is hard to say with exactness just when the war ended. Richmond, the Confederate Capital, was captured and occupied by the Union forces on the morning of April 3, 1865, its garrison having abandoned it during the night preceding. Hostilities, however, went on with vigor in Virginia as well as elsewhere until April 9, when the army of Northern Virginia surrendered at Appomattox. But that date does not mark the end of the war. The week following was a busy and sanguinary one in many quarters. On that same 9th of April Canby, whose army,

with the aid of the fleet, had been investing the defenses of Mobile, captured Spanish Fort and its dependencies, with many guns and several hundred prisoners. Before night Fort Blakely was carried by assault, with twenty guns and 2,400 prisoners. A few days later Mobile was evacuated, and on the 14th Granger's forces occupied the city.

Stoneman was meanwhile carrying on vigorous operations in a portion of North Carolina. On the 12th of April, three days after Lee's surrender, he attacked the enemy's lines around Salisbury, capturing fourteen pieces of artillery and more than 1,100 prisoners, together with great stores of ammunition, army blankets, clothing, bacon, salt, rice, wheat and cotton. Thence he moved to Slatersville, destroying railroad track and bridges.

Wilson, with a cavalry force of great magnitude, was continuing during this same period his memorable operations in Alabama and Georgia. On the 16th of April, in the last combat of the war east of the Mississippi, he carried Columbus and West Point; and on the 21st of April, Macon surrendered with three-score field pieces and 10,000 or 12,000 Georgia militia.

Sherman's march to Raleigh was begun as late as April 10, and on the evening of the 12th Kilpatrick was fighting Wade Hampton's rear guard, while Raleigh was reached and entered on the 13th. Negotiations for Johnson's surrender were next begun, and the first memorandum for that purpose, made near Durham Station, was dated April 18. This, however, was rejected by President Lincoln, and the final agreement was signed on the 26th. So late as April 23, the Sixth Corps was put on the march for Danville, in order to cut off the possibility of Johnson's escape, and General Sheridan's cavalry was engaged in the same occupation. Between the 19th and 22d there were military expeditions in Tennessee.

The troops of General Jeff Thompson did not surrender until May 11, and the actual assembling and paroling of his men took place May 25, at Wittsburg, on the St. Francis River, and June 5, at Jacksonport, on the White. The entire force paraded numbered 7,454

officers and men. The surrender of Lieutenant General Richard Taylor's much larger army was made at Citronville, in Alabama, on the 4th day of May. The surrender of Commodore Farrand's squadron of twelve Confederate vessels in the Tombigbee River, with their officers and men, was agreed upon at the same time, and took place on May 9. The following day General McCook, of Wilson's Corps, received at Tallahassee the surrender of Jones' Florida forces, 8,000 strong.

Meanwhile there had been threats of very serious resistance by some of the trans-Mississippi forces, which expected to be joined by Jefferson Davis, then a fugitive in Georgia. The unremitting search for Davis kept Wilson's forces busy throughout the earlier part of May and until Davis' capture at Irwinsville on the 10th. Long before this event General Kirby Smith, at Shreveport, in Louisiana, had issued an order to his army announcing Lee's surrender and his own purpose to carry on the war beyond the Mississippi. On the 24th of April, General Magruder, at Houston, addressed a great war meeting to the same effect. On the 27th, Hardeman's Brigade, at Independence, pledged themselves to continue the war to the bitter end. On the 2d of May, Parsons' Brigade adopted similar resolutions in Robertson County, Texas. On the 8th of May, the citizens of Fort Bend County resolved that "in no event will we ever consent to reconstruction," and proposed that 30,000 recruits should be added to the forces of Smith and Magruder. These are examples, to which others might be added, of the hostile feeling prevailing at that time in Arkansas and Texas.

On the 13th of May, a body of Union troops under Colonel Barrett had a sharp skirmish at Palmetto Ranch, about fifteen miles above Brazos, in Texas. The Confederates, under command of General Slaughter, aided by Colonel Ford's cavalry and three fieldpieces, drove back Barrett's command toward Brazos, with a reported Union loss of about seventy or eighty men killed, wounded and missing. Thus the last combat of the war, somewhat curiously, goes into the record as a Confederate success. However, in spite of all the threats and pledges to carry on the struggle in Texas, wiser counsels prevailed,

and on the 26th of May, Kirby Smith, through his chief of staff, Lieutenant General Buckner, surrendered his entire army to Canby.

These historical reminiscences show the difficulty of fixing upon any specific day as marking the end of the war. The difficulty is increased by the gradual process of reduction in the Union armies, a process extending far beyond the times when the last Confederate troops were assembled for parole. But a greater constructive extension of the war period was furnished by the various agreements and statutes of the Government, each depending upon such definite phrases as "the duration of hostilities." With the downfall of the Confederate Government the Southern States acted independently of each other, and a process of military occupation and political reconstruction was undertaken in each of them. In a war between two nations a treaty of peace often furnishes the historical date for the conclusion of hostilities; but there was no treaty-making power at the South.

By degrees Congressional legislation began to refer to the war as a thing of the past, in such phrases as "the late insurrection;" yet more than a year passed after the last Confederate troops disbanded before the formal official announcement that this insurrection was over. At length such a proclamation was made by President Johnson, and thereafter the judicial tribunals fixed upon that announcement as the true legal date of the end of the war. Thus the Adjutant General's office, in a letter to General Carleton of February 24, 1883, uses this expression: "The Supreme Court of the United States has decided that the war of the rebellion closed on August 20, 1866, the date on which the President issued his proclamation declaring the insurrection at an end."

A HEROISM BORN OF WHISKY.

During a critical moment of the battle of Chickamauga, when a portion of the Union line was being mowed down in swaths, and regiments bleeding, torn and panic stricken, were rushing in great disorder to the rear, a Colonel of a Western regiment, so full of "commissary" that he had thrown an arm around a small sapling to steady

himself, snatched the flag from his color sergeant, who was hurrying back, and, as he held it up, exclaimed in thick, yet heroic, tones: "Boys, you may go to the rear if you will, but the old flag can't go with you!" There he stood upon the storm-swept field, clutching the flag and the tree. The apparently heroic act thrilled the boys, inspired them with new courage, stayed the tide that was sweeping backward, the line was reformed, the enemy repulsed, and that portion of the field saved from disaster and dishonor. For this gallantry, the Colonel was made a Brigadier and soon after a Major General. He afterward became prominent as a citizen. Probably as his eyes rested upon "the sword that hung rusting upon the wall," and in memory he fought anew the old campaigns, thus recalling the thrilling act that made him famous, the veteran fervently exclaimed, "God bless the old canteen!"

THE TELEGRAM OF APPOMATTOX.

R. C. Laverty, who was the telegraph operator at General Grant's headquarters, tells the following story of the way in which he sent the message announcing Lee's surrender:

"I had been with General Grant continually from the time we left the front (Petersburg) until the night of that memorable day, April 9, 1865. About 11 o'clock on the morning of the 9th of April, General Grant sent me, with a number of telegrams addressed to President Lincoln and the War Department, to find our wire, which the telegraph corps, under Chief of Construction Doran, was following closely by way of the South Side Railroad. As I had considerable trouble to find our people and a considerable distance to ride, I did not return until about 3 p. m. The surrender had then been arranged and the General and his staff had returned to headquarters from the house of Mr. McLean, where the documents were signed. The telegrams announcing and officially reporting this event were addressed separately to President Lincoln (who was always spoken of at headquarters as General Lincoln) and to Secretary Stanton. They were all written either by General Rawlins or Colonel Ely S. Parker, 'the

Indian,' who was Grant's military secretary. They were handed to me by Colonel Parker. I had mounted my horse, when I was called back, and, dismounting, went into the tent. General Grant said to me that he was very anxious to receive replies to the dispatches sent in the morning, and urged me to make haste with the present ones. I rode to Appomattox Station, about one mile distant, as fast as my horse would carry me, and there found our line just completed to that point. I entered a freight car which was on the side track loaded with sacks, and made room for my instrument. I had but little difficulty in getting to Washington, though by a somewhat circuitous route. Having done so, I said; 'Here's the surrender,' and immediately transmitted the following:

HEADQUARTERS, APPOMATTOX C. H., VA.,
April 9, 1865.

HON. E. M. STANTON, Secretary of War, Washington:

General Lee surrendered the Army of Northern Virginia this afternoon on terms proposed by myself. The accompaying additional correspondence will show the conditions fully. U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant General.

"I sent this and the accompanying message at 3:45 p. m., and at 4:15 p. m. delivered to General Grant the congratulatory answers from President Lincoln and Secretary Stanton. Strangely, the line soon after failed to work, and no business was done from that point for several days afterward. General Grant was greatly pleased with the speedy manner in which the business had been transacted, as it enabled him to retrace his movements, which he did, going to Burkesville Junction the next morning and thence to City Point and Washington.

"The original telegrams announcing the surrender I returned to General Grant, along with the replies from President Lincoln and the Secretary of War."

THE APPOMATTOX FLAGS OF TRUCE.

General E. W. Whittaker, who was Inspector General on General Custer's staff, thus describes the first flag of truce sent from Lee's Army to the Union lines in front of Longstreet. It was an old towel, belonging to Colonel R. M. Sims, of Longstreet's staff, for which that

officer had paid $40 in Confederate currency. Shortly after the surrender it was given by General Custer to his wife, in whose possession it still remains:

"On the morning of the 9th Sheridan moved his whole cavalry command out over the fields south of the Court-house, General Custer's division in advance, and received the fire of the enemy's artillery. We had reached a favorable point for a charge at what appeared to be the center of the Confederate line, when an officer galloped out to us, with the truce in his hand, and said to General Custer: 'General Lee requests a suspension of hostilities.' Custer instantly halted, and, turning to me, by his side, said: 'Go with this officer and say for me to General Lee that I cannot stop this charge unless he announces an unconditional surrender, as I am not in sole command on this field.'

"The officer gave his name as Major Sims, of Longstreet's staff, and hurriedly piloted me through the Confederate lines, but a few rods in our front, where artillerymen stood in position by their shotted guns and piles of ammunition. On the way to Lee we were met by General Gordon, with a group of many other prominent officers, who stated that the request for a suspension of hostilities was, in fact, unconditional surrender, that Lee had just rode away to the rear to find Grant, and that the infantry line of battle closing in on them from the west must be halted and further bloodshed stopped. I consented to take the same truce and stop the infantry if Major Sims would accompany me. He did so, and we both, doubtless a little warmed up and out of breath, explained to Generals Ord and Chamberlain the situation, when their line halted and cheer after cheer rolled from right to left. At this point Sims and myself parted, he to return to General Gordon, a short distance, and in full view over the open field, and I to return to General Custer, where the ground was not open and the rattle of the carbine was still heard, and, of course, the truce in hand was still needed. On reaching General Custer I learned that a Confederate cavalry commander had been trying to charge through our lines on the right and had not succeeded. I had no further use for the truce, and handed it to General Cus-

ter, who, more than any other person, was entitled to possession of the relic."

HE MET DEATH AT LAST.

In the Sixty-first Pennsylvania Regiment was a man who could not go into a fight. He was a good fellow and everybody liked him, and he was really more pitied than condemned for his cowardly infirmity. Finding he was of no service in the company, and fearing that his example might be demoralizing, he was detailed as a teamster, and he served with the wagon trains throughout the whole war and was never in a fight. After hostilities had ceased and there was not an armed volunteer in the field, this man, who was still on detached service in the South, was one day engaged in removing a lot of muskets from a wagon preparatory to their being sent North. A comrade who was assisting cautioned him to be careful, as some of the guns might be loaded. He replied that there was no danger, as they were old and rusty and had long been out of use, but scarcely had these words escaped his lips when one of the guns was discharged and he was instantly killed.

A SPECIAL PROVIDENCE.

Rev. Dr. Dabney was "Stonewall" Jackson's chief of staff. During one of the battles in which Jackson was engaged the staff was under a very heavy fire. To protect them Jackson ordered them to dismount and shelter themselves. Dr. Dabney found a place behind a large and thick oak gate-post, where he sat bolt upright, with his back against it. Just then there came up Major Hugh Nelson of Ewell's staff, who did not fully agree with Dr. Dabney's theological doctrines, though himself a devout churchman. Taking in the situation at a glance Nelson rode up, and saluting said: "Dr. Dabney, every shot, and shell, and bullet is directed by the God of battles, and you must pardon me for expressing my surprise that you should want to put a gate-post between you and a Special Providence!" The

good doctor at once retorted: "No! Major, you misunderstand the doctrine I teach. And the truth is, I regard this gate-post as a *Special Providence*, under present circumstances."

HOW IT FEELS TO BE KILLED.

A Union veteran thus described the sensations following what he supposed was a fatal wound:

"At the battle of Shiloh I was shot between the eyes. I was left on the field for dead, published as killed, and had the rare pleasure of reading my obituary in a local newspaper several months afterward. I shall therefore try to tell you how it looked to one who has been to the margin of the dark river, though it seems I didn't quite cross over, after all.

"When the shot struck me it seemed as if I had been hit with a crowbar coming endwise at great speed. A thought of that kind passed through my mind at that time. I felt the missile tear through my head as plainly as I ever felt anything, though it did not do so, and I felt the air rush through after it and chill my brain. I was conscious for what seemed to have been two or three minutes, from the amount of thinking I did, but it might not have been more than as many seconds, for I have since learned that the mind can sometimes work with inconceivable rapidity.

"The first feeling that came over me was one of most terrible disappointment. It was absolutely crushing. It was not a feeling of regret that I was cut down at the dawn of manhood—I never thought of that—but it was a feeling of cruel disappointment that I had not been spared to get to the battery upon which we were charging at the time I was hit. A moment before my blood had been seething with that indescribable frenzy of excitement which can only be experienced when the veins are bursting with the thrill that goes through them when a charge into the very jaws of death is being made. I was too much maddened by the intoxication of battle to think of personal danger. Not a thought of that kind crossed my mind. In the earlier stages of the carnage the sight of a dead man had sickened me, and I

had felt my cheek blanching and my knees trembling when the blood of a comrade reddened the earth, but not now. All feeling of timidity had been swept away by the magnetism of that sublime moment when victory was in sight. I felt tigerish and thirsted for vengeance. I wanted to get to that battery, and I wanted to get there bad. I was straining every nerve to that end, and to be cut down at the moment when victory was almost within grasp, with shouts of defiant triumph bursting from my powder-stained lips, was simply awful. Nothing in language can paint the wretched feeling of disappointment that overwhelmed me at that cruel moment. Had I been spared to reach the guns, I believe I could have died without a regret, but to be snuffed out before the job was finished was a calamity too great to find expression in words.

"Immediately after being hit I felt myself sinking into a dazed condition, and then came a season of debate with myself as to whether I was alive or dead. I had a hole straight through my head big enough to admit a good-sized cane, I thought; therefore I must be dead. A man in my fix would have been killed instantly, hence I was most certainly dead so far as the body was concerned. I could not be alive. It was contrary to all precedent. But some other faculty of mind would combat this argument and try to convince me that I was still alive. 'I can move my hand or my foot,' I would reason, 'and a corpse couldn't do that; so I'm alive, after all.' 'But I don't move my hand or foot,' the other faculty would insinuate. 'I simply think I do so; so I must be dead. My brains are scattered over the ground. There's no doubt about that, for I felt them go, and that means instant death; so, of course, I'm actually dead!' And so it went until I lost all consciousness; one part of the brain trying to convince me that I was dead, and another trying as persistently to persuade me that I was alive, all in a dreamy, semi-conscious sort of way, gradually growing fainter and fainter, somewhat like the sensation of going to sleep.

"There was no feeling of pain; no thought of death, except as a stubborn fact that could not be avoided. Not a thought of my past life; no thought of friends or home. Not the slightest regret at my

untimely taking off, aside from the temporary feeling of disappointment above referred to. Not a single pang that all my hopes and ambitions had come to a standstill. My future status was not once considered. There was no hope of heaven; no fear of hell. I heard no celestial music. I was not uplifted by angel hands and borne gently away. No seraphic beings robed in light flitted before me with rustling wings. No dark forms glowered upon me and barred the way to the realms of joy. I was simply drifting away from consciousness in a manner not at all uncomfortable; my last recollection being the mental debate as to whether I was alive or dead.

"Who can tell but that death on the battlefield may not have been in many cases an exact repetition of my own feelings at the time when I believed my last moment had come? Had I really died before recovering consciousness such would indeed have been my end.

"I remained in a senseless condition four days, and when I came to the noise of battle was still ringing in my ears. The debate was resumed, but instantly dropped by the introduction of convincing testimony that I was still among the living. My head was greatly swollen and seemed bursting with pain. I was entirely blind, my eyes being completely closed by the swollen condition of my head and the matter from the wound, which had caked over them. The blood had matted all over my face in a thick coat. I was in the hospital, and somebody was at work trying to bring my features once more into daylight, and he was doing it in a manner that was torture. This had probably brought me back to consciousness."

THE PROPER VIEW OF IT.

The Confederate General Gordon was a very pious man and never went into battle without asking the divine assistance and favor. On the eve of the Battle of the Wilderness he with others, held a little prayer-meeting, at which privates and Generals mingled on a level. Men prayed at such times, when they knew the next few hours would find more or less of them dead or dying, without regard to the insignia of rank. Presently one of the common soldiers was called on to

"lead in prayer." His piety was beyond question, but his education was not up to all requirements. On this occasion he began: "Oh, Lord; thou knowest we are about to engage in a terrible conflict, if you take a proper view of the subject!" At this point his hearers lost their gravity, the prayer-meeting was brought to a sudden and inglorious close, and the little audience fought the battle of the Wilderness with their eternal spirits giggling all through.

WHY THE PICKETS CEASED FIRING.

At Sharpsburg the pickets were constantly firing at each other, until a Confederate from Jackson's corps shouted to a Union soldier and asked him not to shoot, to which the good-natured foeman assented. But the others kept on shooting until presently "Johnny" cried out to his quondam friend on the other side: "Say, Yank, tell the man on your left not to shoot. I'd just as lief be shot by *you* as by *him*!" So the word passed from man to man, till not a gun was fired along the picket line, the result of the quaint request of the first man.

A READY RETORT.

General————————was a gallant soldier during the war and a distinguished politician after it was over. At the battle of Winchester, in 1863, he was in command of a brigade, and was very deliberately forming his line of battle, so slowly that the division commander grew impatient and sent an aid, who came galloping up to the old hero to say: "General, General————————wants to know if you are proposing to have dress-parade down here?" The instant retort was: "Go back and tell him 'Yes'; we are going to dress on the enemy!" "Dress on the enemy," at once became a favorite phrase among the men of his brigade.

THE STORY OF BARBARA FRITCHIE.

Although Whittier's verse has immortalized the name of Barbara Fritchie, and made memorable the sleepy old town of Frederick where she lived, the historian will have very hard work to settle the truth of the

incident on which the poem is said to have been founded. Barbara Fritchie did live there, and was living when "Stonewall" Jackson marched his dusty but exultant troops through its streets. But the best authorities say that he did not pass by the old dame's door, but went by a very different route to the house of friends on a distant street. It is said by many residents of the place that a Mrs. Quantrell waved defiantly a small hand flag over the chieftain's head, though the defiance does not seem to have attracted any attention whatever at the time. It is also said that Mrs. Quantrell was afterwards given a place in one of the departments at Washington because of that open expression of loyalty at such a time. Others, again, quite as creditable as the first, vehemently declare that Barbara Fritchie did wave a Union flag from the topmost window of her little cottage over the heads of the Confederate column below, and these contemptuously sneer at the claims of Mrs. Quantrell as the heroine of that day. Some years ago a New York newspaper sent a competent man to Frederick, to get at the truth about Barbara Fritchie and her flag. After describing the difficulties he found in getting at anything like the truth, and telling of the conflicting claims of Mrs. Quantrell and Barabara Fritchie, he continued:

"An intelligent colored man was found who saw Barbara Fritchie wave the flag from the dormer window of her small, old-fashioned house. It stood on the bank of the creek and by the bridge crossing, and on this bridge Fitz Hugh Lee sat on his horse while his men lay around at their ease at 'a halt.' There was a flag presentation to Captain Dorsey's company of cavalry—raised in or near Frederick. The colored man saw Miss Fannie Ebberts, then a young girl, present the flag, and at that moment Barbara Fritchie waved the Union flag from her window. There was a small excitement among the Confederates and two men rushed to the house and tried to force the door. Fitz Hugh Lee ordered them back, but there was no shooting and 'no particular great excitement' after it. All this the colored man saw for himself and was glad to describe circumstantially, adding that a good old Union man, one Jacob Engelbrecht, living immediately opposite

Barbara Fritchie, saw this also, and was exultant quietly that 'some one lived brave enough to wave the old flag in the face of the rebels.'

"This statement was strong enough to serve as a basis of inquiry. The young girl was found in Mrs. Dorsey, the widow of that very Captain Dorsey to whose company she had presented the flag by the bridge, while Fitz Hugh Lee looked on and Barbara Fritchie stood up so boldly for her side. Mrs. Dorsey, a refined lady in spectacles, denied all knowledge of the waving of the flag by the old woman, and also did not recollect presenting any flag to any company of Confederate cavalry. It may have been; it was so long ago, and she was very knew nothing. Mrs. Fritchie was brave enough to have done such a young. She heard it reported of a Mrs. Quantrell, but of herself thing. Yes! She was of that character of woman. She was known to go out and chase the Confederate soldiers from her door and from in front of her little house with her cane, not sparing them meanwhile the strongest epithets in her patriotic denunciation and espousal of the Union cause. Mrs. Dorsey clearly understood that such an incident did not reflect on General "Stonewall" Jackson or the Confederate cause of that day, but there was nothing in it but Mr. Whittier's beautiful poem.

"Mrs. Fritchie's house was pulled down in 1869, and there are those who do not hesitate to say that the authorities of that time found it convenient to widen the creek at that precise spot in order to destroy that monument to Barbara Fritchie's staunch loyalty. On the other side, the non-believers in Dame Barbara ridicule the idea as absurdly false. Canes were made from the wood of this house and sold at the Centennial—hundreds of them, with a certificate attached."

Jacob Engelbrecht, the tailor, who lived opposite, was long since dead, but he left a diary, in which he had recorded many things about the Confederate occupation at that time, but nothing of neighbor Barbara's defiance.

Louis E. Engelbrecht, the grandson of Jacob, says of the Barbara Fritchie story that his grandfather did not believe in it. He lived opposite, and must have known of a circumstance so fully in accord with

his own feelings if it had occured, but the old gentleman never failed to denounce it as a fiction which had no foundation in fact.

Such are the conflicting versions of the story of Barbara Fritchie. Exhaustless inquiries simply duplicate these. But Whittier's poem has niched old Barbara Fritchie among the heroines, and she stands there looking out bravely. She lies in the graveyard in Frederick, and hundreds go there every year to do her memory honor. This is fame! The sarcophagus of Alexander could claim no more. And this only the humble resting place of an old woman who waved a flag—in a poem, and waved it, perhaps, nowhere else.

BEFORE A LITTLE CHILD.

It was in one of the numerous forays of the restless Stuart against the Army of the Potomac, somewhere in Maryland, that his men picked up, near a farmhouse where they had had a lively little brush with the Union cavalry, a mere tot of a boy, a very baby, in fact. Both its father and mother had been killed, and out of the kindness of his heart a big grey and grizzled sergeant among Stuart's rough riders took the child into camp, where he and his comrades coddled the little fellow in all rough tenderness. He had a tiny flag, the stars and stripes, in his hand when found, which he said his papa had given him for the "Foof o' July," and that flag he kept. The very next evening the grey-coated cavalry were nearly surrounded by the Union forces, and only by hard riding and harder fighting did those who were mounted get away. The sergeant, with several others, had lost his horse, and capture seemed inevitable. Hastily telling his forlorn looking squad to follow him, the sergeant put the child on his broad shoulder and started in the only direction which seemed to promise escape. The way led up a long, low ridge, on the top of which were two or three haystacks. It was dusk and the few Confederates might have escaped in the darkness if some Union soldier had not touched a match to the hay. In an instant the scene was as light as day, and showed the fleeing Confederates face to face with a long line of Union soldiers directly in their path. Escape seemed impossible. They were

in a trap. For an instant the two sides faced each other, the long blue line confident and threatening, the squad in grey desperate and defiant. At the word of command the Union line leveled their rifles to fire. Not fifty paces in front stood the sergeant, in advance of his men, the baby on his broad shoulder, flag in hand. To the child, the whole affair, with the waving colors over the line, the gleam of arms and the big bonfire, seemed a special diversion in its honor, and its spirits rose to the occasion. Just in the awful stillness which came before the order to "Fire!" when every breath was hushed before the shock that was expected, the child, holding tight to the grizzled head of the only friend he had left, raised the other in the air, waved aloft his tiny flag in the glare and piped out in his shrill little voice:

"Foof o' July!"

Had an apparition from their own firesides suddenly appeared before those fathers and sons and brothers holding their rifles that way it could not have startled them more. The baby and his flag were the most conspicuous objects before them. The tiny figure, its piping voice, its little flag and its innocent and total misapprehension of the real state of affairs, appealed to the home feelings of the men in whose hearts murder had reigned a moment before. They could not have pulled a trigger in that direction for all the world, not more than if the boy had been their own. The officer who had opened his mouth to order "Fire!" lowered his sword, turned his head aside and lifted his hand to shut out the effect of the shots that he had expected. But the looked-for volley never came. The long line of rifles came down from the shoulders without a word; the line of blue seemed to melt away; the sergeant in grey passed through, and for once the havoc of battle was stayed before a little helpless and innocent child.

BOUND TO HAVE SPOILS.

The following is related by an eye-witness:

"On Jones' West Virginia raid, one day, there was a fight near a country store. The house was soon abandoned by the occupants, and when, soon after, the enemy retired, the store was plundered. It was

first come, first served, of course. In a twinkling the dry goods were gone; then the mob began on the miscellaneous articles. My most valuable capture was a jar of nutmegs, and by the time they were rolled up in a table-cloth, the store was bare. Presently one belated soldier entered and looked around for something to steal. There was nothing left in sight but a pile of small grindstones. Uttering a whole volume of oaths at his bad luck, the fellow selected one of them, threw it over his shoulder and marched off triumphantly."

THE VERMONT BRIGADE.

It was the original intention in organizing the several armies to mingle the troops from the States, so that no one State should be able to claim any particular achievement by brigade or division. This was understood to have been done by orders of Secretary Stanton. But, somehow, in organizing the Sixth Corps, a whole brigade was composed of Vermont troops exclusively, and the peculiar idiosyncrasies of the Vermonters had full development. "The Vermont Brigade" was the pet organization of the Army of the Potomac, and Miles O'Reilly described them as honest farmers turned vagabonds—simple countrymen changed into heroes. They stole ancient horses and bony cows on the march. They pillaged moderately in other things. They swept the dairies and they stripped the orchards for miles where they traveled. They chased rabbits when they went into camp after long marches, and they yelled like wild Indians when neighboring camps were silent through fatigue. They were ill-disciplined and familiar with their officers. They swaggered in a cool, impudent way, and looked down with a patronizing Yankee coolness upon all regiments that were better drilled, and upon that part of the army generally that did not belong to the Vermont Brigade. They were strangely proud, not of themselves individually, but of the brigade collectively; for they knew perfectly well they were the best fighters in the known world. They were long of limb and could outmarch the army. They were individually self-reliant and skillful in the use of arms and they honestly

believed that the Vermont Brigade could not be beaten by all the combined armies of the rebellion.

They were veterans in fighting qualities almost from the first skirmish. This was at Lee's Mills. They crossed a narrow dam under fire, made the attack they were instructed to make, and came back wading deep in the water, with a steadiness that surprised the army. They were an incorrigible, irregular, noisy set of rascals. They were much sworn at during their four years of service; yet they were, at all times, a pet brigade. There were but two things they would do—march and fight, and these they did in a manner peculiarly their own. They had a long, slow, swinging stride on the march, which distanced everything that followed them. They had a quiet, attentive, earnest, individual way of fighting that made them terrific in battle. Each man knew that his neighbor in the ranks was not going to run away, and he knew, also, that he himself intended to remain where he was. Accordingly, none of the attention of the line was directed from the important duties of loading and firing, rapidly and carefully. When moving into action, and while hotly engaged, they made queer, quaint jokes, and enjoyed them greatly. They crowed like cocks, they ba-a-ed like sheep, they neighed like horses, they bellowed like bulls, they barked like dogs, and they counterfeited, with excellent effect, the indescribable music of the mule. When, perchance, they held a picket line in the forest it seemed as if Noah's ark had gone to pieces there.

When the Vermonters led the column on a march, their quick movements had to be regulated from corps or division headquarters to avoid gaps in the column as it followed them. If a rapid or forced march was required, it was a common thing for Sedgwick to say, with a quiet smile: "Put the Vermonters at the head of the column to-day and keep everything well closed up."

This record does not include the wonderful exploit of the brigade at Gettysburg, or the feat of once repulsing the Confederate advance in line of battle in a night attack while the brigade was deployed in skirmish line. Instead of retiring, as any well ordered skirmish line

is expected to do before a general advance of the enemy, the Vermonters stuck to it and drove back the enemy without the main Union line ever being disturbed.

A "COLONEL" WITHOUT A COMMISSION.

"Colonel" Lewis, as he was called, was a noted character in a Pennsylvania regiment. He was the wit of the company, and by all odds its queerest character. He was one of the oldest men and was certainly the wickedest man in the regiment. He had once been a Methodist local preacher, and gloried in his backsliding. His title of "Colonel" was an honorary one, given him by the boys, in honor of his age and wickedness. After the battle of South Mountain he was detailed with some others, under command of a corporal, to gather up the arms and accoutrements scattered on the field, which they collected into a pile and the "Colonel" was stationed as a guard over them. Orders came to move, and the others joined the command, but the "Colonel" remained at his post like Casabianca on the burning deck. The regiment remained in the vicinity for some time, but the "Colonel" didn't put in an appearance. Antietam was fought and the regiment moved on into Virginia, and in December fought at Fredericksburg, but still no "Colonel" Lewis approached. Finally, one day about Christmas, he came swaggering into camp, with high-top boots, spurs, an officer's overcoat and cap and sword. He had not dared don the shoulder-straps, as that would subject him to severe punishment. He was at once conducted to Colonel Hoffman's quarters and there related his adventure, which relation was afterward found to be substantially correct. When he found that the army had moved away and left him, he went to a farm house, stated that he had been left in command, ordered the best the house afforded, pressed the contrabands into service and proceeded to collect and store all the stray horses, guns, saddles, uniforms and equipments in the vicinity. He remained several weeks as sole commander of that department and had a royal time. Finally his fame reached the ears of the commander at Harper's Ferry, who sent out and had him arrested and

brought in. The "Colonel" explained the situation, insisting that he was properly detailed and in the line of his duty, and by his wit and assurance got released and received transportation to his regiment.

WHAT HE FOUGHT FOR.

One day the opposing pickets on the Rappahannock agreed not to fire at each other for a time. It was not in human nature to be so close and say nothing, and presently a brisk conversation arose between a Texan Confederate and a Union Irishman. "What are you doing in the Yankee Army?" said the Texan. "What are you fighting for, anyhow?"

"I'm fitin' fer thirteen dollars a month," retorted Pat. "I belave yez are fitin' fer elivin."

The conversation ended right there.

WHO DID THE BRAVEST FIGHTING.

A veteran who had been asked, "Who did the bravest fighting in the war?" answered as follows:

"The women who staid at home. The mothers, and the sisters, and the cousins, and the aunts—above all, the sweethearts and wives—who waited and watched and wore their hearts out in such fear and longing as God's very shepherd's crook and and staff alone enabled them to bear—they did the bravest fighting. Next to them the surgeons and nurses in the hospitals, where every breath they drew was from an atmosphere of suffering and anguish unspeakable. You remember the girl in (I think it is) one of Mrs. Whitney's stories, who so often says, 'Oh, dear! There is fun going on, and I'm not in it!' Well, in the army we often had fun—I think most of the time we had fun in one way and another—and the women at home were 'not in it.' Where was the chance for fun among those waiting women, whose very souls—might, mind and strength—were bound up in doing for our disabled, sick and wounded, in hospital or in prison, and in the patient waiting and longing and fearing for 'news from the front?' What

glint of sunshine could come to brighten and sweeten the lives of these, or of the surgeons and nurses in our hospitals, who never drew a breath of air not thick with disease and pain, suffering and death? What tenderness and daring of the bravest in the field could equal that of the sweetheart, or wife, or mother, who buckled on the sword of her knight, and in mingled pride and anguish sent him to 'do his devoir,' and peril his life and hers, in defense of his country? What soldier would not have rather charged into the open mouth of a battery than have suffered the anguish of these women, or to have endured, without the excitement and afflatus of battle, the terrible suffering of wounded and dying comrades in hospital or prison?"

CAPTURED BY HIS OLD COLONEL.

John Sanders, of the Fourth Michigan Infantry, was captured at Gaines' Mill by a regiment in Magruder's division of the Confederate Army. Before being turned over to the guard that would take them to Richmond the prisoners were brought to Magruder's headquarters, and were looked over by that General and his staff. Sanders, thinking he might be placed in the officers' squad—where he would receive better treatment—if he should be recognized by Magruder, called out:

"Hello, General Magruder. How have you been these twenty years?"

"Who the devil are you?" asked Magruder, in great surprise.

"I'm John Sanders. I was in Company B, Fourth Infantry, in the Mexican war."

"Who was your Colonel?" inquired the General, very sternly.

"You were."

"Your Captain?"

"Anderson."

"Your First Lieutenant?"

"Roberts."

"Gentlemen, he was thar," cried Magruder, turning to his staff. "This fellow was in my regiment in the Mexican war. W-e-l-l, well.

Gentlemen, what can we do for one of my old boys, who has happened to get on the wrong side this time?"

The staff laughed, talked together a few minutes, and Sanders was ordered to fall out of line, while the others were sent to Richmond. Presently he was given in charge of an escort, who took him toward McClellan's lines, hoisted a white flag and turned him over to the Union pickets. It had paid him to be captured by his old Colonel.

GOING ONE EYE ON IT.

In the winter of 1861 the Seventh Georgia Volunteers lay in camp at Centerville, Ga. The boys had learned to "run the blockade" with the excellent applejack so abundant in that neighborhood, and the camp was kept constantly well supplied.

One day General Joseph E. Johnston, thinking the applejack had taken the place of water long enough, seized all the applejack in camp and town, had it carted to the river and the heads of the barrels knocked in, preparatory to pouring the contents into the stream. The General then, after ordering the barrels emptied, thinking to intimidate his men, drew his sword with the threat that he would cut out the first man's eyes who attempted to drink a drop of it.

An Irishman at once stepped from the ranks of his company, and covering one eye with his hat, said:

"Be Jasus, General! I guess I'll go one eye on't."

The General was beaten. He walked away without another word. Of course, there was a laugh and a hurrah, and it may be that some of the boys went more than one eye on it while the General's order was being executed.

WASN'T AT ALL FINICAL.

When in the vicinity of Yorktown General Magruder and staff were invited to dinner, and in deference to a custom among soldiers, accepted the invitation. As the party moved toward the table, a very ragged soldier quietly occupied a seat intended for one of the staff

officers, and began a vigorous onslaught on the edibles, to the great disgust of the gallant General.

"Do you know, sir," demanded that officer, "whom you are dining with?"

"No!" responded the intruder, with a contemptuous glance at little "Red Breeches," "I used to be a little particular about that, but since I've been in the army I don't care a ——, so that the victuals are clean."

After that the meal was discussed in silence, and the General paid for the soldier's dinner.

PERFECTLY UNSOPHISTICATED.

Captain F., of the Signal Corps, was visiting his posts near Culpepper, when an infantryman lounged up to the man on duty and seemed deeply interested while the signal-man was "flopping" away right and left with his flag. After gazing a while the soldier drawled out, "I sa-a-y, str-a-nger, are the fli-ies a pestering of you?"

THE POWER OF COFFEE.

"When we were in front of Chattanooga," writes an old soldier, "it became fashionable to exchange papers. Finally, strict orders were given against it. Still, the boys would do it. After while there came no more signals for exchange from the other side, and we knew the Confederates had received the same orders. But one morning quite early my partner discovered a man on the Confederate line frantically waving a large paper. He suggested that we slip away from the reserve and go out and see what the man wanted. He took a paper, waved it, and we started for the Confederate in front. When we had proceeded about half way to the point of meeting, the fellow ceased to wave his paper. We were puzzled at this, but finally concluded that he was down in a hollow, and we would see him when he came up on high ground. So we walked on and walked without warning into a group of soldiers at the Confederate picket post. The men were just ready to take breakfast, and after the first

flurry they joked us a good deal about our extraordinary willingness to get into their clutches at breakfast time. When we spoke of the exchange of papers the officer in charge informed us that orders were positive against exchange, and that all his men understood it. As this was the case, he took the ground that we had willingly come into their lines, and that he could not allow us to return. I saw at once that his men disagreed with him, but the question was how we were to get away.

"My partner, who had been a soldier in Germany, joined in the jokes at our expense, and proposed that he make the boys some coffee that was coffee. The Confederates had a very poor excuse for that article, and without more ado he proceeded to make a kettle of coffee, the aroma of which seemed to fascinate the coffee-hungry sharpshooters. When he had poured the coffee into the cups and had expatiated on the good it would do to the men, he took up his rifle and said to me: 'Now, let us start for our own line.' I followed him, and not a soldier on that picket post lowered the cup of coffee from his lips or looked our way.

WOULD'T SEE A SOLDIER DEFRAUDED.

Once upon a time, at a place and date which had, maybe, better not be given, a gang of Confederate cavalrymen, of that class which the French style "*zephyrs*," and we call "bummers," boarded a railway train which had been stopped between two flourishing cities, and began to levy contributions on the passengers.

They were in a great hurry, because they expected every moment the arrival of a detail of guards, which would not only interrupt their operations, but make it warm for them, if caught.

There were a number of Jews on the train, en route from the more southern city to buy goods in the other and more favorably located point, and their pocket-books were well lined.

The "bummers" were prancing around in this crowd, and "going through" the sorrowful Hebrews in a scandalous way, when, it is related, a long, lank, slab-sided Michigan Union cavalryman, who had

been very philosophically watching all that transpired, as if a quite familiar scene to him, reached out and grabbed the most active examiner by the jacket and said: "Hold on a minute, Reb., I want to tell you something."

"Well, now, spit it out quick," said the Confederate, "I always like to treat prisoners right, but I ain't got much time. That d—d stuck up provost guard will be along d'rectly, and we'll be 'bleeged to quit work."

"I aint goin' to detain you. You see that Jew sittin' over thar. I see him take his pocket-book, just now, and stuff it under the seat. I wanted to give you the pint."

The other started off like a shot out of a shovel, but the Michigander pulled him back again. "I don't want to be misunderstood," he said. "You needn't think I'm trying to curry favor with you fellows, becuz I'm a prisoner. I've fit you for three year, and I'm goin' at it agin as soon as I'm exchanged, but, for all that, *I don't want to see no d—d Jew defraud a soldier.*

CAME NEAR MISSING HIM.

At Altoona a rifle took General Corse alongside of the head. General Sherman received word from Corse that his ear and a portion of his cheek bone were gone, but that he was still able to hold his position and fight it out. As soon as possible Sherman got over to see him, full of anxiety. He found Corse with his head swathed in bandages, and, in his anxiety to know the nature of the injuries, impatiently ordered the surgeon to remove the cloths. This was done slowly, and with great formality, and there was revealed a slight scratch on the cheek and a hole in the ear.

Sherman looked intently at it, and calmly remarked, "Why, Corse, they came ——— near missing you, didn't they?"

"GEE THEM, SIR, GEE THEM."

General Buford was a turf man, and his most forcible expressions were naturally of the "horse" order. His brigade was first under fire

at Perryville, and in one of the preliminary skirmishes he ordered Captain J———to "oblique his company to the right." The Captain, misunderstanding the order, was leading his men to the left, which the General observed and yelled out: "Captain———, I told you to oblique your company to the right. If you dont know what I mean by 'Right Oblique,' sir, then gee them, sir, gee them, gee them!"

A REVELATION IN SLANG.

A curious habit prevailed among the soldiers, in the latter part of the war, of designating their respective companies and battalions by the queer names of "outfit" and "layout," while they would call a brigade a "shebang."

The story goes that General Polignac, the Frenchman who espoused the cause of the South and served her with distinguished bravery to the last, was once accosted by a bright eyed Creole boy, who announced that he had just returned from a furlough, and wished to know where he could find Colonel Censir's "lay-out."

"Colonel Censir's *what?*" shouted the General, his eyes bulging with astonishment.

"Colonel Censir's 'layout,'" repeated the lad, "it belongs to your 'shebang.'"

"Well, I hope to land in ——," ejaculated Polignac, who, when excited, sometimes became profane, "if I know what ze little diable mean! I have been educated all my life in ze armee. I have hear of ze compagnie, ze battalion, ze brigade and ze division, but I agree to be —— to ——, if I ever hear of ze 'lay-out' or ze 'shebang' before."

"OH, YOU SWEET DARLING!"

One day during the war a detachment of General Basil Duke's troops was moving through Northern Kentucky. They were worn out and hunted down. Their horses were nearly foundered. The men were ragged and dirty. They halted for rest near a young ladies seminary whose inmates were all staunch sympathizers with the Confederacy. Out came the young ladies when they saw the grey coats.

They brought out food, drink and armfuls of flowers. They hung garlands around the necks of the hunted men and sang in a musical chorus: "Oh, You Darling Confederates!" A straggler, who had been unable to keep up with the rest, because he had such a poor mount, now came up, flogging a jaded hack along, swearing because he had not been able to keep up. He yelled out: "Oh, You Sweet Darling Confederates, the Yanks are coming!" There was a bolt at this. The laggard pounded on behind, swearing: "O, You—— Sweet Darlings, I hope the Yanks will get you!" The Union cavalrymen were right at his heels. His companions wheeled in their saddles and laughed at his certain capture. But his tired horse stumbled and fell and threw him into a ditch. The enemy swept by and made prisoners of every one of the main band, but he laid low, was not seen and so escaped.

"SCHWARTZ'S BATTERY IS TOOK!"

General Grant was very fond of telling the following story of the battle of Shiloh:

"During the battle an officer rode furiously up to him, touched his cap and said with German accent: 'Sheneral, I wants to make von report; Schwartz's battery is took.' 'That's bad,' said Grant; 'how did it happen?' 'Vhy, Sheneral, de sheshenists came oop in de front ov us, and dey came oop in de rear of us, und dey come oop in der flank of us, und, vell, Schwartz's battery vas took.' 'You spiked the guns, of course?' said the General. 'Vhat!' screamed the Dutchman, in excited astonishment. 'Schpike dem guns, schpike dem new guns! Tunter und blitzen, no! It would have schpoil dem.' 'Well, sir,' said the General sharply, 'what did you do?' 'Do? Do, Sheneral? Vhy, we tooked dem back again!'"

NEVER HAD DIED AND WOULDN'T.

Jacob Smith, of Company B, Third New Hampshire Regiment, was what Artemas Ward would have called a "comical cuss." He was a big fellow, but with a thin, squeaky voice, which sounded as

if it belonged to some little boy half a mile away. The regiment was before Charleston in 1863, and in the fight on James' Island, Jake was badly wounded and was carried to the hospital. The surgeon came to him and carefully examined the hurt. "It's all up, Jake," said he; "there is no chance of you getting over it."

"I don't know about that," said Jake, in his little squeaky tones; "I don't know about that. I never did die, and I won't do it now."

The thin, rasping voice had been pitched high in its intense indignation, and created a laugh in spite of the surroundings. But Jake kept his word. He never had died before; he didn't die then. In fact he recovered, passed through all the other dangers of the war, and went back home at its close, hale and hearty; nor did he die until at least a dozen years after he so gallantly defied death on the sand hills of Charleston Harbor.

THE COLONEL'S EXCUSE.

It is said that Confederate and Union cavalry on the mountains of Kentucky and Tennessee, whenever their supplies ran short, would borrow ammunition from each other; but on one occasion they had a "sure enough" fight, in which the Confederate Colonel P. was worsted and lost one of those diminutive nuisances, called mountain howitzers. The fact of the loss of artillery coming to the ears of the department commander, he sent for the defeated Colonel and sternly asked him how he had lost his cannon.

"Why, General," said the Colonel, "soldiers took that cannon!"

"Well," replied, the commander, "what if soldiers did take it?"

"Soldiers!" responded the Colonel, "why, soldiers will take anybody's cannon!"

BUTLER'S FAMOUS ORDER.

Except the Emancipation Proclamation no paper issued during the war attracted the attention directed to the famous order of General Butler, when in command of New Orleans, that women insulting his soldiers should be treated "as women of the town." Particularly in

England was there loud indignation expressed at the supposed harshness of the order. Years after the close of the war, on the occasion of a visit of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of London to Washington, they called upon General Butler, and in the course of conversation one of the visitors, Major Becker, frankly asked the General about that famous order for the summary and degrading punishment of any woman who should insult a soldier, the Major stating frankly that it had caused a good deal of indignation among chevalier Englishmen.

It must have been with a great deal of satisfaction, in view of all the circumstances, that General Butler replied:

"Well, gentlemen, I am very glad to tell you how that happened. One of my officers, a modest, Christian gentleman, went to church one Sunday. Just as he was about to enter the door a woman stepped up to him and spit in his face. On his return he reported the occurrence to me. 'What did you do?' I asked. 'Do, General,' said he, 'what could I do? I just took out my handkerchief, wiped my face and went into the church.' I said: 'That's all right, but I can't stand this sort of thing, and I'm going to do something about it.' I looked over a whole lot of city ordinances and municipal regulations and papers of that sort, and at last, gentlemen, I found just what I wanted in a regulation of the city of London, which I copied and made the basis of the famous order which caused so much indignation among the good people across the water and elsewhere. I want to tell you, furthermore," pursued the General, "that it was a perfectly effective order. There was not a single case of punishment under it. The ladies of New Orleans wouldn't violate it because they did not wish to be taken for women of the town, and the women of the town wouldn't violate it because they wished to be taken for ladies."

A KEY TO SHILOH.

Captain Joe Laur, who fought at Shiloh on the Union side, some years after the war was over fell in company in Illinois with an intelligent and very respectable looking negro, who, in the course of

conversation, said he had once lived near the celebrated battle-ground. The negro said that in 1862 he belonged to Mr. Cherry, who lived at Savannah. Cherry was a strong Union man, and General Grant had his headquarters at his house. One night General Grant told his Adjutant to let General Buell know that there was no occasion for him to rush his men, as it would be a week before they would be ready to march to Corinth, and in the meantime little would be done. Mrs. Cherry overheard this, and she was a Confederate—not to Grant, but to everybody else. So she quietly went to the kitchen, wrote a note to Beauregard, and told the negro what it was and what he should do with it. He got a horse, passed the lines, shot through the darkness to Beauregard's headquarters, and put the note in the General's hand. Everything began to move, Beauregard rushed toward Pittsburg Landing, and—we have all read the rest of the story.

CAPTURING A MILE OF PICKETS.

Captain Robert H. Taylor, of the Twentieth Indiana, tells of the unique achievement of capturing a mile of Confederate pickets before Fort Hell, at Petersburg, Va., in July, 1864:

The Confederate picket-line was about 150 yards in front of our fort and their sharpshooters were constantly picking our men off; so one day I remarked to our Colonel, G. W. Meikeal, that if he would give me twenty days' leave of absence I would take 100 volunteers out of the regiment and clean out that picket-line some dark night. He went to brigade and division headquarters and the arrangements were soon made. Captain A. S. Andrews and myself were put in command of the detachment, composed of almost 100 men who had been tried in many a tight place. On the day appointed Andrews and myself reconnoitered the line at different places to see if all was quiet and to find the best place to make the break. We formed our men at midnight, without canteens or haversacks or anything that would rattle or make a noise. We marched out and up to within about thirty yards of the Confederate picket-line, and then lay down to wait for the time agreed upon for the attack, which was 1

o'clock. When the time came we arose without any command, and slipped up as quietly as we could until we were seen by a videt. We then went in on a run and cleaned out the line as we went. We lifted the pickets right out of their rifle-pits by the nape of the neck, gave them a kick and told them to get to the rear. The Berdans made a similar move to the left, and in less than ten minutes we had taken over one mile of their picket-line and captured eighty-three prisoners without firing a gun or losing a man. We reversed their rifle-pits and made it our line. The Ninety-ninth Pennsylvania were sent out to help hold the line and lost several men. In the morning our Colonel, George W. Meikeal, came alone the line, congratulating the boys, and not knowing the lay of the ground or where the Confederates were, he went on a rise in the ground which brought him in view of them. They fired a volley at him, and I think that eleven shots struck him, killing him instantly. I warned him as he passed me not to go any further down the line, as the enemy were just over the rise. He said that they had not made the bullet to kill him yet, and in less than one minute he was a dead man. We went out at midnight without water or food and remained until dark the next day. Some of the boys ran the gauntlet for water.

GOVERNOR CURTIN'S FIERY DISPATCH.

Among the curious documents on file in the War Department is one from Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, to Secretary of War Stanton, which has a singular history, equal to its startling phraseology. This history is as follows: Among the thousands of Union soldiers who were languishing in Southern prisons were many Pennsylvanians. Governor Curtin came to Washington to see Stanton about an exchange of prisoners. The Governor stood aghast at the brutal reply Stanton made to his appeal. Said the Secretary of War: "Do you suppose I am going to exchange ten thousand fat, healthy Confederates for a like number of human skeletons?" Governor Curtin looked him in the face and said: "Are you a human being, a Christian man or a brutal fiend to express such sentiments?" "Think

of me as you will," said Mr. Stanton, "you have my answer." The Governor returned to Pennsylvania, and in a few days Stanton wrote to him, but did not allude to their recent interview. He urged Governor Curtin to come to Washington. The Governor telegraphed: "Will you make an exchange of prisoners?" Stanton answered: "No." Curtin replied: "Go to h—l." That telegram is on file along with the correspondence.

A TALE OF GETTYSBURG.

When the sleepy old town of Gettysburg was electrified into the most vigorous life in the last days of June, 1863, by the knowledge that Lee's army would soon be in its streets, the telegraph operator realized that both for his own personal convenience and as a patriotic duty he should be absent and take with him his telegraph instrument. Accordingly he prepared a swift horse, intending to remain until the last moment and then flee as fast as his horse could take him. At last a messenger, breathless with haste, brought the word that the Confederate cavalry advance was in sight, and just as they appeared at the end of the street, the operator, having sent northward a hurried message, cut the wires, tore his instrument from its table, and mounting his horse, disappeared in the other direction. As was expected, the telegraph office was the first place visited by the Confederate advance guard. It was in a little dry goods store on the main street, just opposite the Lutheran Church, so soon to be a hospital. The store was owned by two maiden sisters, who lived above it, and who had closed their doors and retreated upstairs on seeing the Confederate advance. The officer in command, certain he was at the right place, knocked loudly. "Miss Mary" opened an upper window and asked what was wanted. Her idea was to gain every possible minute for the operator, but so imperious was the summons to open the door and so vigorous were the kicks that were rained upon it, that she thought it best to delay but little.

"You have taken your time, madam," said the officer, sternly, when at last they faced each other at the threshhold. "Where is the opera-

tor?" he continued, as he entered and saw the severed wires on the little desk.

"Gone," she answered, with trembling lips.

"Gone where?"

"I—I—don't know. He went away on horseback ——"

The officer's eyes flashed. He drew a pistol from his belt and made a suggestive movement as he repeated his question.

"I don't know," again answered Miss Mary.

"How long has he been gone?"

Miss Mary hesitated. Falsehood was foreign to her open nature. But to tell the truth might, probably would, result in the capture of the operator and his instrument, and through that possible danger to the Union cause by false messages being sent, or the capture of important Union news. The poor woman had no time to reason the matter with her conscience—yet she still hesitated. The pistol was raised.

"Answer me," said the officer, "and mind, now, the truth."

"About two hours and a half or three hours," she stammered, in an agony of terror.

The officer watched her face a moment and then lowered his weapon.

"Who else is in the house?" he demanded, after a moment's pause.

"My sister."

She went into the back room. She meant to go upstairs and bring her sister, but the Captain sternly ordered her to call her. He meant to allow no conference.

Miss Jane came down the stairs and faced him. Again he asked what had become of the operator. Miss Mary saw the awful danger into which her falsehood had placed her. But all fear had now left her, though she listened for the reply as if it might be her own death warrant.

"He cut the wires, took the instrument and rode away on horseback."

"How long ago?"

The question was emphasized, as before, by a movement toward his

pistol. Miss Jane saw it, but gave no sign. She raised her eyes, looked him calmly in the face and said, very quietly:

"About two hours and a half or three hours."

The officer's face fell. He put up his pistol, muttered an apology for his stern manner and threatening actions, and proceeded to search the house, of course without avail.

The answers of the two sisters were purely accidental, and the coincidence of the surely excusable falsehoods was a joy to both of them.

JACKSON'S SIGN OF BATTLE.

"Sam," said a curious correspondent, to a negro who had served for a time at "Stonewall" Jackson's headquarters, "Was the General kind to you?"

"Dat he was, massa, all de time; in trouble an' out of it, jes the same."

"Was he a praying man?"

"Prayin'? Why, I never seen no preacher what prayed much as him. 'Peared like, when he wuzn't fitin' or tendin' to bizness, he wuz allers prayin'; an' when you hear him git up two or three times a night an' kneel, den jes' look out fer de naixt day!"

THE PEACH RAISER'S MISTAKE.

Early in the fall of 1861 Richardson's Michigan Brigade was encamped south of the Potomac, near a famous peach orchard, the fruit in which was just beginning to ripen. The owner sent a plaintive request to General Richardson for a guard, which was readily granted, much to the regret of the soldiers, to whom the luscious fruit was a great temptation. One day, when the heat was so great that he had thrown off his coat and vest, down to his red flannel shirt, General Richardson strolled along until he came to the peach orchard, around which were stationed the guards he had furnished. The trees were bending under a bounteous crop of tempting peaches, and the General's mouth watered for a taste just as any private's mouth would

have watered under the circumstances. Going up to the house he met the owner at the door and politely asked permission to pick a few peaches.

"No, sir," was the gruff reply. "I will allow no one to enter my premises; but if you want some peaches, I'll get them for you."

So saying, he stepped inside the gate, and in a short time returned with some fine specimens of the luscious fruit, which the General ate with great relish and then asked how much was to pay.

"Fifty cents," was the reply.

This was paid without the least hesitation, and then turning around, the General called out, "Guards, go to your quarters!"

"Sir," roared the peach orchard owner, "I would have you to know that General Richardson put these guards on here."

Quick as thought came the reply, "Well, by ——, sir, General Richardson now discharges them."

As the word passed along the line, the boys stood "not upon the order of their going," but went at once. In less than half an hour the whole brigade, numbering about 4,000 men, were industriously engaged in picking peaches, and if "the locusts, the lice and the frogs" that once preyed upon the inhabitants of Egypt in ancient days, had descended all at once upon that man's premises, he could not have experienced more disastrous results.

A CHIVALROUS SKIRMISHER.

It was on the 3d of July, at Gettysburg, and in front of the extreme right of Hancock's (Second) corps. There was an open space across which both skirmish lines had repeatedly charged, only to be repulsed and to leave it dotted with dead and wounded. It was near noon and the sun beat unmercifully down on that open ground. The cries of the wounded were pitiful and could constantly be heard in spite of the rattle and clatter of the destructive fire-works. About midway between the lines was a tree that had served as a noonday resting spot for the harvest hands in more peaceful summers, and around the roots of this tree had lain all that morning several

Confederate sharpshooters, whose execution both on the Union skirmishers and on the Union batteries posted on the ridge behind had drawn upon them many vows of vengeance. Within an hour the Confederate battle lines were to make their brave, but to them disastrous, charge over the same ground. There came a sudden lull in the firing on this part of the skirmish lines and the Union soldiers rose to their feet to ascertain the cause. A Confederate was approaching from the tree, holding up his right hand. Thinking he meant to desert, some of them called out to him, "Come over, Johnny! we'll not fire!" But he came until within forty or fifty yards and then knelt down, and they saw that this Confederate dead shot, who had for hours been helping to work havoc among them, was holding up the head of a prostrate wounded Union soldier while he gave him a drink from his canteen. Such a shout as went up! Both sides stood upon their feet within full view of one another and cheered the noble act. The Confederate, having accomplished his purpose, made haste back to his fellow-sharpshooters at the tree. Enmity had been disarmed for a moment, and there was a reluctance to begin firing again, but a clear voice from the roots of the tree called out: "Take care, Yanks! we're going to fire!" and the bloody work went on.

THE MAN WHO COWED STANTON.

Few men could boast that they had ever succeeded in making the great War Secretary change his purpose, especially by a threat. But that was actually accomplished more than once by Ward H. Lamon, Marshal of the District of Colnmbia under Lincoln, whose partner he had once been. Lamon was a man of gigantic size and herculean strength, who feared no man living. In the jail were a number of colored men, under legal commitment. For some reason Stanton wished them discharged, which Lamon refused. One day, when he had gone out to dinner, the Military Governor, under Stanton's order, took possesion of the jail and put a sergeant and squad of soldiers in charge. When Lamon returned he consulted his counsel, and finding this action wholly without warrant of law, without waiting for any

process from the court, went to work in his righteous indignation to undo the wrong. Alone and with his own big, strong hands, he disarmed the entire party, took the keys from the sergeant, ignominiously locked him and his men in the jail, and calmly reported his daring action to the President. He was sustained, as he always was, by the President, and in due time a ponderous opinion from Attorney General Bates put an end to the military siege of the jail, which Lamon meanwhile had put into a posture of defense and determined to hold at any cost. About the same time Mr. Stanton had made up his mind to seize a house that Lamon had bought and was fitting up for the reception of his family. "If you do that," said Lamon, at the conclusion of an interview in which the Secretary had been very offensive, "I'll kill you!" Stanton went immediately to the President, and informed him that the Marshal had threatened to murder him. "Well, Stanton," said Lincoln, "if he really said it, I'd advise you to prepare for your end, for he's a man of his word. But I'll see him, and try if I can't get him to spare your life on my account. He's a great friend of mine, you know." But Mr. Stanton did not take the house.

A COOL GENERAL.

General Leonidas Polk, of the Confederate army, frequently told the following story of the battle of Perryville:

"Late in the evening, when it was almost dark, Siddell's brigade came into action. Shortly after its arrival I observed a body of men, whom I believed to be Confederates, standing at an angle to this brigade, and firing obliquely at them. I said: 'This must be stopped,' and looked about for some of my staff to send with orders to cease firing. But they were all absent on different messages, and so I determined to go myself. Cantering up to the Colonel of the regiment that was firing, I asked in angry tones, what he meant by shooting his friends, and ordered him to cease firing at once. He said with surprise: 'I don't think there can be any mistake about it, for I am d—d certain they are the enemy!' 'Enemy!' I said, "why I have just left them

myself. Cease firing, sir. What is your name, sir?' 'My name is Colonel ———, of the ——th Indiana; and, pray, who are you, sir? Then I saw to my great astonishment, that he was a Yankee, and that I was in the rear of a regiment of Union soldiers. I saw there was no hope but to brazen it out. My dark blouse and the increasing obscurity befriended me; so I approached quite close to him and shook my fist in his face, saying, 'I'll soon show you who I am, sir. Cease firing, sir, at once!' I then turned my horse and cantered slowly down the line, shouting in an authoritative manner for them to cease firing. At the same time I was conscious of a disagreeable sensation passing up my back, and I found myself calculating how many bullets I was likely to get between my shoulders. I was afraid to increase my speed until I got to a small copse, when I put the spurs into my horse's flanks and galloped back to my own men. I do not know how long before the Union officer found that he had obeyed the commands of a Confederate General. I never went back to find out."

RESPECT FOR A HERO'S BLOOD.

At Fourche Dam, Arkansas, a few miles below Little Rock, when General Steele was advancing on that place, and a stand was being made to cover the Confederate retreat under General Price, Jeffries, with his Missouri Brigade, charged a Union battery supported by cavalry. The cavalry, from the suddenness of the attack, was thrown into confusion and retreated, leaving the guns unsupported. The Captain of the battery, a young man from Chicago, stood by one of the guns, with a revolver in each hand, firing rapidly. He was completely surrounded, but refused to surrender. The Confederates, in admiration of his bravery, stopped firing and cheered him. He was repeatedly told to surrender, and as often refused. He continued to fire, and had wounded several men.

"This thing is gettin' tiresome, Cap'n," yelled a lank Missourian, "an' if you don't behave yourself an' quit your skylarkin' you'll git hurt!"

The brave fellow, with a disdainful gesture, exclaimed:

"I told the people of Chicago that I would never surrender this battery, and I'll keep my word," and he leveled his pistol at the Missourian. But the lank man was too quick for him, and, throwing up his pistol, he fired. Captain Reed fell across his gun, shot through the heart.

"Brave man!" said the boys, as they laid him on the ground preparatory to removing the gun. "Brave man; it is a pity we had to kill him."

The gun, with its death-mark of life's blood, was drawn away by the Confederates, and used in a dozen different battles, but no one ever washed off the blood. Once, when an officer asked one of the men why he did not wash his gun, the soldier related the circumstance of Reed's death. "Let the blood remain, it is a mark of respect to the memory of a brave man," was the officer's comment.

Just before the close of the war "Captain Reed," the name applied to the gun, was dismounted by a cannon ball. After the battle the soldiers tenderly buried the heavy iron. The rain of heaven nor the hands of man had not washed off the blood.

MORGAN'S SANG FROID.

In the early part of the war, when General McCook was advancing on Bowling Green, Ky., as the command was halted for a short time one day, a company of cavalry, in the regulation blue uniform of the Union Army, was seen a few hundred yards in advance, where they halted, and the men dismounted and behaved as men were wont to do under such circumstances, while waiting orders. Meanwhile the Captain of the cavalry rode around and within the infantry lines for several minutes, but without saying anything to any one. Nobody paid any attention to him and presently he returned to his company, ordered them to mount, and they rode leisurely down the road and out of sight. Nothing was thought of the affair till, some time afterward, a non-combatant came into General McCook's camp, under a flag of truce, bearing a very respectful note, in which the writer said he had just made a thorough reconnoisance of his (McCook's) forces, and asked

the exchange of a Louisville Journal for a Lousville Courier, which was then published on wheels, and a copy of which was enclosed. The note was signed "John Morgan;" and it was he who had commanded the mysterious cavalry company seen in the advance a little while before.

A BRUTAL COMMANDER.

General Geary, who afterward was Governor of Pennsylvania, was a good soldier, but a brutal commander. Upon one occasion, when the men were not being pushed forward rapidly enough to suit Geary, a deep morass stopping their way, he galloped forward in a rage, dismounted from his horse, seized an officer by the coat collar and deliberately kicked him again and again. The Colonel of the regiment to which the officer was attached shortly after galloped up to where Geary was standing beneath a tree. Whether he had been sent for, or what the first words that passed between them were, nobody knew, but Geary said, angrily: "You have the worst set of officers in the service."

"You have no right to treat them so," said the Colonel, who was a small, quiet man, who, up to that time, had not been looked upon as amounting to much. His face was very white.

"I'll treat them as I —— please, and you too, for that matter," bellowed Geary.

"If you should ever attempt it," said the Colonel, looking the General squarely in the eyes, "we will be in need of a new commanding officer!" and wheeling his horse, he galloped away without the slightest ceremony. "I'll court martial you, sir!" shouted Geary after him, but he never did.

On another occasion Geary took offense at a private in the column, for merely giving him a sidelong glance. "Look to the front, how dare you!" The man looked rigidly before him, as though made of stone. Some diabolical spirit must have possessed Geary, for he sprang from his horse and began shaking the man, who still looked straight before him without uttering a sound. He was a bad fellow—a good

soldier, but wicked. He had been in the navy and feared nothing. Finally Geary kicked him. Then came a sudden change. The man turned sharply about and brought his gun to a "ready."

"Stand back, you! ——,' and the soldier used a most opprobious epithet. Go to your place or I'll blow your head off!" Geary's face became white as a sheet. The severe words had not caused it. A look in the private's face revealed the reason. Death was in his eyes and Geary knew that at that moment he stood in the shadow of the dark valley. He turned about and went away without saying another word.

FIGHTING AND FORGIVING.

A Western soldier told the following of the battle of Lookout Mountain:

"The Confederates, posted high on a mountain, regarded their position as impregnable. But when Hooker's command worked its way up from Wauhatchie Valley, our brigade swept down on them from the rear while they were peering over their breastworks, looking for us from the front. There was a tremendous tussle for five minutes, but in the end the whole command surrendered. I was a little separated from the main body, and at first, before the Confederates surrendered, I was at a disadvantage.

"Four or five young fellows in grey had just sat down to have a cup of coffee, and when the Union lines swept forward without firing a gun, they sat for a moment stunned. I jumped into the group with an exultant war-whoop, and one of them answered my whoop by throwing his coffee in my face and sending the cup after it. This blinded me and enraged me to such an extent that I jumped at him with intent to choke him. We clinched, and I think of all the scrambles that ever I had in my life, that was the worst. It was a rough-and-tumble bear fight, and we were at it when the Confederates threw down their arms. The officers parted us with a good many jokes and laughs, and I got up with the resolve that I would lick that fellow if I had to die for it.

"But it so happened that our battalion was detailed to take these prisoners to Bridgeport, and in the long marches I got well acquainted with my antagonist and we became friends. In crossing the pontoon bridge at Newport, the prisoners and guards were in great glee and, in defiance of orders, they started across at a swinging, measured step. The bridge parted, and scores of the prisoners and some of the guards went into the river. Some of the prisoners were drowned, and my old antagonist of Lookout Mountain came pretty near going down not to come up. I pulled him out by the hardest work, and when he took the train on the other side, bound for the military prison at Camp Chase, I felt as badly as though I had lost a life-long friend."

THE EDITOR'S AWKWARD SALUTE.

Calvin W. Starbuck was the founder of the Cincinnati Daily Times, the weekly edition of which had the largest circulation of any paper in the West about the time of the war. Starbuck was wealthy, influential and patriotic. When the Ohio National Guard was organized in 1863, Starbuck, though too old to be drafted, joined it. Next spring his regiment was called into active service, and was stationed at Fort McHenry, near Baltimore. One day Starbuck was on guard near a sally-port, when General Morris, of the regular army, in charge of the post, happened to come in. The veteran editor knew Morris by sight as the commandant of the fort and wished to show proper respect. But he was far more familiar with political leaders than with military movements. He knew it was his duty to "salute," and he was extremely anxious to do so properly. Entirely forgetful of the military way of doing it, instead of presenting arms he brought his gun to "order arms," took off his cap and began bowing most obsequiously. Morris was one of the strictest disciplinarians in the army, a regular martinet, who had no use for a private soldier except as a machine to obey orders. He stared at the soldier editor, who, thinking he must somehow be lacking in deference, salaamed lower and lower until his cap fairly touched the ground and the General could almost see into his knapsack. Morris finally recovered himself and rushed off to

Colonel Harris in a great pet and insisted that "that lunatic" should be put under arrest at once. When informed who and what Starbuck was, he was somewhat mollified, but still insisted that he should never be placed on guard at that sally-port again. As for Starbuck, editor and patriot though he was, his soldierly spirit was well nigh broken and he did not recover from his mortification for months.

HOW A HATCHET REPLACED A SWORD.

When Lee made his advance into Pennsylvania the Thirteenth Vermont, of Stannard's Brigade in the Army of the Potomac, was doing guard duty in the rear. The whole army was making a forced march, and when the Thirteenth started to catch up it had to do some extra forced marching, and for six days kept at it until it caught up with the main body. On this march some of the men in Lieutenant Stephen F. Brown's company got out of water, and he left the ranks, contrary to Stannard's orders, to fill their canteens. When he returned he was ordered to give up his sword and was placed under arrest. He accepted the situation gracefully, and was still under arrest when the battle of Gettysburg began.

Being under arrest he was not, of course, required to take any part in the fighting, but he was not inclined to be technical at such a time. He was without a sword, however, but as he was not restrained of his liberty he picked up a camp hatchet and went with his company. The Third New York Battery was stationed just at the crown of Cemetery Hill, where the battle was hottest. Shot and shell from three batteries plowed the ground up all around them, and the part of the Eleventh Corps which had been assigned to their support gave way. The Thirteenth Vermont was sent to take its place. It had not been in position long before one of the guns in the New York battery suddenly became silent. Hatchet in hand, Brown went back to see what the matter was. It was easy to discover. Every man had been killed but two, and these stood with arms folded beside the silent gun, calmly waiting for whatever might happen, and the rain of shot and shell from three directions which was tearing up the ground all about them

indicated that they would not have long to wait. One of the grim gunners explained that the Confederate fire was so hot that they dare not keep their caissons near the guns for fear the enemy would explode them. They had been left just back of the hill, and the men who had been bringing up the ammunition had all been killed or so severely wounded that they were helpless. Brown quickly got three volunteers from his company and came to their assistance. Two of them went over the hill to the caisson and brought the shell and powder part way up, where Brown and another carried it to the two helpless gunners and their gun. The latter received them with joy and went to their work again with a will. "They have been acting so over there that we can't keep house with them!" said one of the two, as he turned his gun on the massed forces of Pickett's Division, "but now we shall get along better, I guess," he added, as he sent the first shell plowing through the ranks. And so the four impromptu artillerists kept at it until Pickett's immortal charge was beaten sullenly back. Had it succeeded the history of the war would have been changed. But for Brown having been under arrest and thereby left as a sort of free lance in the fight, Meade would have been short one gun at the most critical period of that decisive fight.

After this episode had ended Brown resumed his hatchet and they went through the most of the fight together. He kept it until, in one of the many hand-to-hand conflicts of the battle, he got a Confederate Major at a disadvantage with it and took away his sword and pistol, thus literally winning back the sword that had been taken from him at his arrest, a proceeding which, it need hardly be said, was never mentioned again when Stannard heard of Brown's exploits with the prosaic camp hatchet.

AN IRISHMAN'S CHARMED LIFE.

The Confederate General D. H. Hill told the following incident which happened during McClellan's "change of base" before Richmond:

"We had taken one prisoner, a drunken Irishman, but he declined

the honor of going back with us, and made fight with his naked fists. A soldier asked me naively whether he should shoot the Irishman or let him go. I am glad that I told him to let the man go, to be a comfort to his family. That Irishman must have had a charmed life. He was under the shelter of his gum-cloth coat hung on a stick, near the ford, when a citizen fired at him four times, from a distance of about fifty paces; and the only recognition that I could see the man make was to raise his hand as if to brush off a fly."

SHERIDAN'S COMPLIMENT ON EMORY.

When Sheridan arrived on the battle-field of Cedar Creek, after that historic ride "from Winchester, twenty miles away," he found General Emory ready to renew the fight which up to that time had been against him. Sheridan was quick to seize upon the situation, and he directed Emory to take a certain position and hold it against all odds until he should hear Sheridan's guns at a certain point. Emory promptly obeyed, and soon the battle raged again with the utmost fury. The Confederates made assault after assault, but Emory held his place. Time and again he sent, urgently asking for reinforcements, but Sheridan sent word back to hold on a little longer. He did hold on until Sheridan collected the shattered forces and charged like a thunderbolt, and Early and his army were routed. That evening, as Emory was sitting upon the ground, blackened by powder and exhausted by the toils of the day, for he had been fighting for seven hours, one of Sheridan's staff officers rode up, and, saluting him, said: "General Emory, I am instructed by General Sheridan to present to you his compliments, and to say that he regards you as a regular —— old stock buzzard; that you are a glorious old fighter." This unique statement of the staff officer was received with shouts by those who surrounded Emory. It appeared afterward that the officer had given literally to Emory the words of his chief. The unique compliment was all the more comical because of the fact that Emory had been a dignified professor at West Point Academy when Sheridan was a cadet there, and barely pulled through because he

was such a fighter that one professor urged the curious argument in his favor that the demerits against the fiery young Irishman should not be counted to prevent him from entering the profession of fighting.

THE ARMY NEWS-GATHERERS.

In all the armies in the war there was, among the volunteers, a system of gathering and distributing news that beat the information received from division and corps headquarters, both in time and accuracy. In every regiment were intelligent men who burned with curiosity to know the movements and the mishaps of the army. They were, without knowing it, born newspaper men, with a "nose for news" quite equal to that of any reporter or army correspondent. It was sometimes a matter of amazement among observing soldiers to note how quickly news traveled from one end of the army to the other, and even from one side to the other. The death of Albert Sidney Johnston was known among the Union soldiers at Shiloh within an hour. That came, in all probability, from prisoners. But it is a fact that the Union soldiers knew it fully as soon as Johnston's own men. Accurate news of an engagement on one evening, together with the names of regiments and Generals on the other side, was not infrequently discussed by the men on the other wing within an hour. Stragglers were invariably news-gatherer. They would get off to one side and see things impossible to the men who were doing the fighing under a cloud of smoke that hugged the ground ten feet in front of their guns and shut out all view while the firing lasted. The stragglers of one regiment would pass the news to the stragglers of the next, whose restless feet and tongues bore it quickly on, like an electric current passing through a long chain of men hand-in-hand.

But it was after night that the news-gatherers mostly flourished. They walked through the camps long after their comrades were asleep to meet other soldiers and gather intelligence, discuss the campaign and their Generals with merciless criticism that was more often right than wrong. They had a burning desire to know how the other

commands fared and to gather information so as to correctly judge of the battle's tide and the chances for the morrow. Often as men lingered long around a camp-fire they saw shadowy forms hurrying rapidly through the woods, or along the roads, on these errands for information. Frequently they would halt, sit down, fill their pipes for a brief smoke, and then with rifles across their knees—for these reporters invariably carried their entire equipment with them for fear of loss in case a sudden movement set their own camp in motion—they would briefly tell the news of their own corps, and, with keen, direct questions, gather the news at that point before resuming their restless tramp. It was always a point of honor to tell the exact truth on such occasions for mutual advantage.

It was a singular fact, noticed by all, that these news-gatherers were almost invariably native Americans or else Irishmen. Another and seemingly incongruous truth was that these natural-born soldiers and most intelligent men would bear close watching. One and all of them would steal haversacks of food upon any and all occasions possible, and invariably combined predatory raids on other men's property with their news-gathering trips. It was not that they were born thieves, but they had learned by long experience that the thing most necessary to the soldier, after his gun and ammunition, was food. That they made it a point to always secure, confident that they would never get too much. Besides, to rob a soldier was to rob a man who might be killed the next day, and who consequently would no longer need a haversack or three days' rations.

THE BOYS WERE TIRED.

When Colonel Webster's Massachusetts regiment reached Warrenton, Va., in their first advance with the Army of the Potomac, it was after a long, tiresome march and the men were very hungry. Their haversacks were empty and their teams were far behind. So some of the boys started out to forage. Webster sat in front of his tent quietly smoking, when a citizen rode up and excitedly exclaimed: "Colonel, some of your men are down in my pasture chasing my

sheep." "Is that so?" inquired the Colonel. "Are you sure they are my men?" "Yes," said the Virginian, "they are your men." "Well," said Colonel Webster, with a deep sigh, "if they are my men you need have no fear. The boys have had a long march and they are very tired. I don't believe they can catch them." And that was all the consolation he got.

DISSEMINATING INFORMATION.

While General Heine was in command of the short line at Bermuda Hundred, on the James River, during the siege of Petersburg, in the winter of 1864-5, President Lincoln issued his famous order encouraging desertions from the Confederate Army, allowing a bonus of $7 or $8 to each soldier who would bring his arms with him. Entire groups came across the lines under that stimulus, taking the night-time for their escape. The chief difficulty was to make the Confederate rank and file acquainted with the President's promises. General Heine invented a novel means of accomplishing this. The proclamation was printed on slips or "dodgers," about eight or ten inches long and five inches wide, a thing easily done on the little printing presses always attached to division or corps headquarters. Common paper kites, such as boys make for amusement, were constructed. The kite tails were made up in clumps of these slips on which the proclamation was printed, and knotted at intervals in bunches. A piece of common safety fuse six or seven inches long was tied to the lower or pointed end of the kite, leaving an unattached extension of the fuse of several inches. The tail twine was then tied to the fuse near the common intersection, and in that way the kites were completed. Breezes were watched for at night which bore in the direction of the Confederate lines; the fuse was lit at the detached end, and the kite sent up and wafted over the Confederate camps; and in a short time the fire of the burning fuse reached the twine of the kite tail and the proclamations fell inside the Confederate lines. It had considerable effect in inducing desertions, especially with tired soldiers who had been feeding on the coarsest kind of corn bread, and not abundantly supplied with that, with scarcely

any meat, no coffee and sugar, and scant supplies of salt, though coffee and sugar were surreptitiously exchanged with the Union pickets for Richmond and Charleston papers.

THE SPRING AT ANDERSONVILLE.

Pure water was a thing very hard to get in the prison camp at Andersonville. The prisoners were dependent for water, except for the scanty supply in the wells, upon the lazy stream that flowed just beside the Confederate camp, and their struggles for it over and around the little foot bridge, where it emptied into the swamp, were sometimes long, bitter and severe. At a time when they suffered the most, on a hot evening in August, there came up a terrible thunder shower, lasting forty minutes. During its continuance a spring, subsequently named Providence spring, burst forth and discovered itself. With great rapidity the news of its appearance flew over the whole camp, and there was a mad throng to get at the fresh, wholesome, pure water boiling up in inexhaustible quantities through the white sand. It gave beautiful water, as pure and sweet as was ever tasted, and it is said that during the whole subsequent continuance of the prison camp, the spring remained perfectly clear and cool, with a supply up to which the demand never rose. It still exists, in a little hollow scooped out of the slope, somewhat shaded by holly bushes bearing their red berries. At its back an old stump has, by the gradual wearing away of the earth, become entirely uncovered, and with its history the spot becomes one of the most romantic and at the same time one of the most sacred in the country. Its beautiful story has been told thousands of times by men who drank its pellucid waters while inmates of the prison pen and took a new lease of life with the refreshing draught. But the stories of its alleged miraculous origin are disproved by the following matter-of-fact statement by Mr. M. P. Suber, the railroad agent at Andersonville station, who has lived in the neighborhood for over forty years, and filled the same office during the war, seeing all the prisoners and guards who came and went during that time. He says:

"Yes, it was a little queer about that spring that they called Providence, but there's allus been a spring there or thereabouts. If there hadn't been one, how could it 'a broken out? Right there, or a little below it, say twenty or twenty-five feet, was a deer-lick, years ago. The old settlers here used to lay about there to shoot the deer when they came up to drink. There used to be quite a basin there, where the water bubbled up out of the white sand just as it does now. They could catch little fish there, perch, and that kind. Little bits of fellows you know. Just after the stockade was built, there came up an awful storm and the sand washed down from the banks and just covered up the basin, spring and all. The whole thing disappeared like in the earth, and there was no more sign of a spring than there is in the palm of my hand! Well, in the late summer came the other storm, and the spring again discovered itself, providential-like, twenty or twenty-five feet above. It was rather queer, but it's so, and the spring couldn't have come there if it had not been there!"

THE ORIGIN OF POSTAL CURRENCY.

Postal currency, which was the "change" during the war and until the resumption of specie payments, was the invention of General Spinner, who had been appointed treasurer of the United States by President Lincoln. Small change had vanished, and in buying a dinner in the market, change had to be taken in beets, cabbages, potatoes and what not. General Spinner was constantly appealed to from all quarters to do something to supply the demand for small change. He had no law under which he could act, but, after buying a half dollar's worth of apples several times and receiving for his half dollar in change more or less different kinds of produce, he began to cast around for a substitute for small change. In his dilemma he bethought himself of the postage stamps. He sent down to the post-office department and purchased a quantity of stamps. He then ordered up a package of the paper upon which government securities were printed. He cut the paper into various sizes. On the pieces he pasted stamps to represent dif-

ferent amounts. He thus initiated a substitute for fractional silver. This was not, however, a government transaction in any sense; it could not be. General Spinner distributed his improvised currency among the department. They took it readily, and the trade folks more readily. The idea spread; the postage stamps, either detached or pasted upon a piece of paper, became the medium of small change. It was dubbed "postal currency." From this General Spinner got his idea of the fractional currency, and went before Congress with it. That body readily adopted it, and but a short time after General Spinner had begun pasting operations, a law was on the statute book providing for the issue of the fractional currency which became so popular. The fac-simile of postage stamps was put on each piece of currency, and for a long time it was known as "postal currency." An enormous amount was never presented for redemption, and the Government was consequently the gainer.

A FEARFUL RIDE.

In May, 1863, Breckenridge's division, then serving with Bragg, in Tennessee, was ordered to Mississippi, to reinforce General Joseph E. Johnston. On the afternoon of the 25th, about 1,000 men boarded a long train of freight cars at Wartrace and started. By the time they had reached the summit of the Cumberland mountains it was night. The conductor had told them that but one car on the train had brakes, and that when the descent of the mountain was commenced they might expect a lively shaking up and a "merry ride," so that quick time was anticipated. But when the descent was begun, just after passing through the tunnel at Cowan, the engineer, miscalculating the weight of the train, did not reverse his engine as soon as he should have done, and it began running at a fearful rate, almost as soon as it emerged from the darkness of the tunnel into the moonlight. The engineer whistled "down brakes," and with the energy of desperation the men on the only car equipped with a brake tried to obey. A piece of timber was interlocked in the brake-wheel and it was wrenched with all the strength of several men, but without effect.

The speed kept increasing. There were seven miles of down grade, the track was in bad repair and wound through mountain gorges most of the way. The train was composed of old and rickety cars. Every man was keenly alive to the perils of the situation. The engineer was an old and experienced one, whose wits never deserted him. Finding he could do nothing to check the momentarily increasing speed, he did what a less experienced man would not have dared do; he put on steam to keep the train extended as much as possible, and keep the rear cars from crowding those in front from the track. Then he shut his eyes, breathed a momentary prayer, set his face resolutely to the front and waited!

What a terrific ride it was! How the trees and rocks seemed to dance by the train! At one moment it would dash through a cut, where on either side rose walls of ragged rock which almost touched the cars. Then it would whiz over a yawning chasm that seemed to be crossed by a flying leap, so rapidly was it done. Then it would hug the side of the mountain so closely that the trees above would seem to push at the train, while those far below would reach up their long arms as if beckoning the men down to their death. The chasms seemed great yawning mouths to receive them; the jagged rocks monster teeth to grind them to pieces. All the possibilities of the fearful situation were thrillingly manifest to those of the men who occupied the tops of the cars, which were as full as safety would allow. Those inside were spared seeing the dangers, but found its unseen horrors quite as great to bear. From the heated journals and the chafing trucks came streams of sparks, which spread out along the track behind the train. In broad sheets of fire thus enveloped in flames, and shrieking and thundering along, the train swept down the long descent of the mountain into the valley, where it presently came to a standstill, and the relieved men took a new lease of the life that seemed worth so little but a few minutes before. If the word of the engineer is reliable, it was one of the most remarkable runs on record, for he declares the seven miles were made in something less than five minutes.

Just as those on board had begun to congratulate themselves on their narrow escape, word was passed forward that the rear car was missing and no one knew where it had left the train. The horror-stricken passengers at once organized a searching party, with many misgivings, since it seemed impossible that any one on the car had escaped death. It was found just a little way back, overturned, and the occupants busily picking themselves out of the debris. Strangely enough, though most of them were badly bruised no one was killed, or even seriously hurt, though one man was thrown over the telegraph wires by the concussion.

A SHORT, BUT GRIM PROBATION.

General J. E. B. Stuart, of the Confederate Army, was a blunt, practical man. During one of the early campaigns a German officer tendered his services to him by direction. He afterward thus narrated his reception in the field: "I come to General Stuart, and he tell me, 'Major von ———, I have more foreigners I know what to do with; they are all sent to me—are no accout. I have no place on my staff for you. Stop—there is a regiment about to charge. Charge with it.' I charge with the regiment, and when I come back General Stuart say: 'Major von ———, I keep you with me on my staff.'"

A FRIEND IN AN ENEMY.

During the war the Luray and Shenandoah valleys were alternately in possession of the Union and the Confederate forces. In the former lived the mother of one of Lee's scouts, quite alone, her second son, a boy of fifteen, having died in the second year of the war. The scout, in the summer of 1864, was sent with dispatches to Early, and given permission to visit his mother in the Luray Valley. He reached the neighborhood of his childhood's home in the evening, and heard from an old neighbor that a squad of foragers and "bummers," apparently from Sheridan's army, had passed up the road only a little in advance of him, robbing houses and shooting stock in pure wantonness. The rest of his adventures is best told in his own words:

"Half a mile from home I heard the crack of carbines and revolvers, but I was so badly done fur that I could go no faster. When I finally did reach the gate I found two dead horses lying beside the fence. As I entered the yard I stumbled over a dead man. Half way to the door was a second, and almost on the doorstep was a third. The door was shut and the house dark, but the first thing I knew there was a blaze of light, and a bullet passed through my hat not an inch above my head.

"I dropped to the ground mighty fast, and I did a heap o' thinkin fur the next three minutes. At the end of that I called out:

"'Hello! the house! Hello! Mother!' I heard a move inside right away, with the sound of voices, and when I had called ag'in my blessed old mother sang out:

"'Praise God! but is that my son John?'

"'Aye, mother, it's me!'

"What do you reckon I saw as I looked around? No more nor less than a Yank in full uniform, sittin' on a chair in front of the winder, revolver in hand, head bound up, face white but full o' grit, and one leg useless with a bullet in it.

"It took me some little time to untangle the skein. It seems that the Yank was a scout. He had stopped at the house fur a bite to eat, and when the raiders came in and began to cuss and threaten, and lay violent hands on my old mother, he gits up and orders 'em out. That brings on a fight, and he jist dropped three of 'em as dead as crowbars and killed two of the hosses. The rest of the gang didn't want any more of that and got out. Afraid they would return to play him some trick, that plucky Yank, all wounded and bleeding as he was, insist on standing sentinel at the winder, and it was him who mistook me fur one of the raiders and sent a bullet fur my head.

"You kin imagine my astonishment, indignation and gratitude. In an hour we had him comfortably fixed up, and during the rest of the night I stood sentinel without bein' disturbed.

"Next morning who should come ridin' up but a squad of Early's men. They buried the corpses and I gin them all the particklers, and

what did they do but demand the scout. There he was, painfully hurt and helpless as a child, but they were going to take him away as a prisoner. Did they? Well, not much! There were seven of 'em, but I had a Winchester and two revolvers, and they hadn't the sand to face 'em.

"Howsomever, they rode away to git more help, and I realized that I must make some other arrangements to keep the Yank out o' their hands. He was jist as cool and nervy as an old veteran, and it didn't take long to fix up a plan. I had the back door off in a jiffy, and we laid him on it and propped him up as well as well we could. Then mother and I picked him up and toted him fur half a mile up the side of the mountain and left him in a cave. We fixed him a comfortable bed, left food and drink at hand and were back at the house before the soldiers came. There was a hull company this time, and there was a high old time fur a while. They took me prisoner and carried me off to Early's headquarters, but they couldn't find the scout.

"I was held prisoner for two weeks, and they tried hard to make out some sort of a case agin me, but finally I was released and sent back to Lee. This left mother alone to care for the scout, but he was not neglected. They sot spies to watch her, and they scouted the neighborhood fur days, but they had their trouble fur their pains. It was nigh on to ten weeks afore that Yank got well 'nuff to walk off to his lines, but he got there safely, and from that time on mother was protected by Sheridan and the pantry kept supplied by his quartermaster."

FIGHTING FOR A MULE TAIL.

It was not often that the soldiers of either army actually suffered from hunger for any considerable length of time. But the Union forces that were shut up in and around Chattanooga before the battle of Lookout Mountain gave them relief, did suffer, and for a long time. One soldier who was stationed on Stringer Ridge, opposite Lookout Mountain, says he was hungry for three months; not for a moment of which time was he not anxious for something to eat. They had three small crackers a day, what corn they could steal from the

starving mules, and a few half-ripe persimmons. One day word was brought to camp that a mule had mired in the mud on the Raccoon mountain road, and had been killed. He and a number of others started in search of the carcass, with visions of mule steak before their eyes. On their arrival they found fully 200 men there who had come on the same errand. Of the mule there were only the hoofs left. Two members of the "Hundred and Dutch" (One Hundred and Eighth Ohio) Regiment had just finished a hotly contested fight for the tail. While they were fighting, it was stolen, leaving them only their black eyes and bloody noses as the result of their battle.

TOM BLACK'S SURRENDER.

Tom Black was a long, lank, cadaverous Confederate from the pine lands of Georgia, who had never been twenty miles from home till the fortunes of war took him into Virginia and brought him into the line opposed to the Army of the Potomac. His gun carried an ounce ball and the boys called it the "mountain howitzer." Wonderful were the stories he told of killing "varmints sich as painters and the like," at a quarter of a mile range. There was a great curiosity to catch sight of the Yankees, just to see Tom slay them at long taw. "Oh, you better believe, old Bet never flickers; just show me one." Pretty soon Tom was put on picket. The place was lonely enough in the day time, but at midnight, when it was so still one could almost hear the stars in their courses, and when, under the cover of darkness, wild beasts came from their lairs and assassins crouched and watched for their victims, the loneliness was awful. The Yankees were said to be five miles off, but it was not long before Tom was convinced they were sneaking upon him. The fall of every leaf was but the cat-like step of a murderous foe. Presently there was a rumbling sound of human feet among the leaves. The sound grew louder, as if the enemy was plainly no longer trying to conceal his presence. Tom's hair began to rise. He knew he must not desert his post, and yet he was not ready to die right there, in the stillness of the night, under the stars and so far from home. At last only one small bush stood

between them. The enemy came leisurely along, passed the bush, and, discovering Tom, stood still. "Don't shoot," cried Tom, in agony, "I surrender!" and threw down his gun. The foe gave vent to a loud guttural "Ouf!" The moon came out from behind a cloud and Tom saw a very big, but a thoroughly peaceable hog, after acorns!

WHAT LEE SURRENDERED.

General M. R. Morgan, who was Grant's Chief Commissary at the time of Lee's surrender, wrote to the Baltimore Sun the following account of the feeding of the surrendered army:

"In the course of the proceedings General Lee asked General Grant to have his army fed, and the latter turned to me (his Chief Commissary), and instructed me to feed General Lee's army in the manner related in the accompanying copy of a letter written by me to General Badeau. The following are extracts from the letter thus referred to:

"After the terms for the surrender of Lee's army had been arranged (April 9, 1865), General Lee asked General Grant to have rations issued to his army. General Grant, turning to me, said: 'Colonel, feed General Lee's army.' I asked, 'How many men have they?' General Grant repeated my question, addressing General Lee. General Lee went into an explanation to show why he could not tell the number of his men. He said: 'I have not a complete organization in my army. * * * Many companies are commanded by non-commissioned officers. The books are lost.' When he got thus far, I said, suggestively, 'Say 25,000 men.' General Lee said: 'Yes, 25,000.' I went from the room at once, and meeting General M. P. Small, Chief Commissary of General Ord's army, asked him if he could spare three days' rations (I think it was three days) of beef, salt and bread for the Army of Northern Virginia, numbering 25,000 men. He said: 'I guess I can.' I was not at all certain that he could do it, because we had been doing some lively marching, and I doubted if the provision trains and herd were up with the troops. But Small was equal to the emergency, and I told him to serve the rations.

"We started back to City Point the afternoon of the next day,

April 10, and I did not take much more interest in the number of men that constituted the Army of Northern Virginia.

"I have since learned that the number of men of that army, paroled at that time, officers and men, was 26,115, divided as follows, viz.:

"Cavalry Corps—Officers, 213; men, 1,501.

"Artillery Corps—Officers, 237: men, 2,797.

"Longstreet's Corps—Officers, 1,527; men, 13,333.

"Gordon's Corps—Officers, 674; men, 5,833.

"Totals—Officers, 2,651; men, 23,464.

"You may be certain that this is correct.

"You may remember that Fitz Lee went off with his cavalry, and that General Lee sent out after him to come in and surrender. He came in, I think, after we left."

WHY JACKSON WAS BRAVE.

General Imboden relates the following of General "Stonewall" Jackson as occuring shortly after the first Bull Run, in which Jackson had received a slight wound in the hand:

"Of course, the battle was the only topic discussed at breakfast. I remarked in Mrs. Jackson's hearing, 'General, how is it that you can keep so cool, and appear so utterly insensible to danger in such a storm of shell and bullets as rained about you when your hand was hit?' He instantly became grave and reverential in his manner, and answered in a low tone of great earnestness: 'Captain, my religious belief teaches me to feel as safe in battle as in bed. God has fixed the time for my death. I do not concern myself about that, but to be always ready, no matter when it may overtake me.' He added, after a pause, looking me full in the face: 'Captain, that is the way all men should live, and then all men would be equally brave.'"

AN UNAPPRECIATED REWARD.

General Shields, of whom it was said that he was the only man who ever defeated "Stonewall" Jackson, was a born soldier, and never so gay as when surrounded by difficulties or prospects of fighting. He

had a cheery manner that won the hearts of his men, and no General on either side had a better knack of marching troops rapidly and incessantly with so little comparative fatigue and little or no straggling. He was full of drollery and was fond of trotting along beside the column on the march and making dry remarks on some man or group of men that happened for the moment to interest him or to attract his vigilant grey eye. Once after a slight but brilliant skirmish he congratulated the regiment that had borne the chief part and ended his little speech with "You've done well, boys; I'll give you a little more marching!" words which remained as a cant phrase among those men long afterward—long after Shield's time—in the midst of hard forced marches when fatigue had driven some of the men almost to the verge of despair.

THE TELEGRAPH IN THE WAR.

During the war the Military Telegraph Corps, consisting of about 1,200 operators and a sufficient force of linemen, built and operated 15,389 miles of telegraph lines exclusively devoted to military purposes. In addition many lines of commercial companies were temporarily, from time to time, made use of by the government. When McClellan sat before Yorktown the wires became his trusty sentinel. It was at this place that a well-known operator, Mr. Lathrop, was killed by a torpedo. The wires followed McClellan into the wilderness, and threading the forests and swamps of the Chickahominy, by day and night, kept him advised of events, and made known at Washington by frequent daily telegrams his hopes, his fears and his wants. Here the field telegraph was first practically tested for tactical purposes, and here at Gaines' Mills it saved the Union army from utter rout. From Harrison's Landing it maintained communication with the North until the army went to reinforce Pope. It followed McDowell's co-operating force to Fredericksburg; Banks, up the Shenandoah, and Fremont in the Alleghenies, and enabled them to co-operate to drive Jackson out of the valley and protect Pennsylvania and Washington. It followed General Cox to Gauley Bridge,

W. Va., and via Raleigh to Princeton, and it brought General Morgan, operating against Cumberland Gap, Ky., into the telegraphic union, and soon kept that Sebastopol of America in communication with Buell at Shiloh, via Lebanon Junction, Ky., and Nashville, and announced the defeat of Beauregard's army.

It followed Foote to Fort Henry, and Grant to Donelson, whence it was extended, making two routes to Nashville. The corps quickly gladdened the Union people with Mitchell's wonderful successes in Northern Alabama and enabled him to capture valuable railroad trains by false telegrams transmitted over Confederate wires, by means of which eighty-four miles of the Memphis & Charleston Railroad were captured in a few hours, and the Corinth & Chattanooga menaced. It was by the use of the telegraph that Grant at Jackson subsequently overlooked affairs in his department, prepared Rosecrans for his splendid defense of Corinth, and brought Ord to Bolivar to co-operate with McPherson from Jackson in the pursuit of Van Dorn's defeated army. Even Curtis, at Pea Ridge, Ark., was but a few miles from the telegraph builders, who were rushing their work with the greatest rapidity while he was fighting a battle. After completing this line, that from St. Louis to Pilot Knob, Mo., was extended over 200 miles to Batesville, Ark., Curtis' new base. Thus all along the armed front sped the electric tongue. Over 4,000 miles of military telegraph were in operation, embracing parts of the States of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Maryland, Delaware, Virginia, Mississippi, Arkansas, Tennessee, Kentucky, Missouri, Kansas, and soon after also North Carolina, Louisiana and the Indian Territory.

Of the telegraph corps it is known that of the entire number 199 were either killed, died of disease, or were captured while in the line of duty. It is estimated that more than 100 others suffered from the casualties of the service. The fact that at least twelve members of the corps were killed by the enemy; that probably fifty died in the service; that not less than ten were wounded and fully 200 captured, attest, beyond question, the danger incident to service in the military elegraph corps of the Union army in the war.

One of the operators who remained at his office in Winchester, Va., until the retreating Union soldiers had nearly all left, was himself about quitting, when he received a telegram from the commander for Harper's Ferry, calling for reinforcement. His stay to transmit that dispatch resulted in his capture and imprisonment tn Libby Prison.

It is believed that General Porter was saved from defeat by the bravery of an operator, who connected his instrument with the field-line during the battle of Gaines' Mill, and with only a tree to shelter him from the storm of bullets and shells, sent and received many dispatches, whereby General McClellan was enabled to re-enforce General Porter most opportunely. Several of the operator's orderlies were shot, and messages had to be sent by two or three messengers to insure delivery.

In 1880 General G. K. Warren wrote: "I often talk with those who were with me of the operator who, in the first of our attacks on Petersburg, brought his wire to the front under musket range of the enemy and operated it behind a tree that proved to be hollow, and which any of the cannon shot, which were at close range and flying fast, would have gone clear through with little loss of force; and, again, of the one on the Weldon Railroad on the Sunday morning we were shelled out of it, both from the north and west, and who worked his recorder in a southeast angle, and outside under the musket fire that, by its sound so near and the pattering of the balls around, confused the records of his sounder, and many others on other occasions. So I have always felt a great deal of admiration for their heroism."

HOW LYTLE QUELLED A MUTINY.

"William H. Lytle, the author of the poem, 'The Death of Antony,' that begins, 'I am Dying, Egypt, Dying,'" was the man for mutineers," writes an ex-officer of artillery. "At one time during the war I was sent under his command with several pieces of light artillery, among them two or three howitzers, in a brigade that went out on a raid some place near Shelbyville, in Tennessee. When we started out the wagons were used to carry the soldiers' knapsacks, etc.,

and when we had gathered together what forage we wanted the wagons had to be used to carry it. Of course the soldiers then had to carry their baggage, and when the order was given to do this one regiment refused. Lytle marched the men over to where the knapsacks were and again ordered the men to take them up. Again they refused. I was stationed on a little eminence a short distance away, and presently here came Colonel Lytle galloping over to me with his sabre out and his eyes flashing.

"'Captain Edgarton,' said he, 'will you let me have those howitzers?'

"'Certainly,' I answered, and gave orders for the guns to move.

"Coming over right in front of the mutineers, Colonel Lytle gave the order, 'Attention! Load with canister! Take aim!'—and then in an undertone bidding the gunners await in readiness the word 'fire,' spoke to the mutineers, saying: 'You —— —— —— ——, take up your knapsacks, or, by God, I'll wipe you off the face of the earth!' Not a man in the regiment moved, and Lytle waited fully a minute. "'Now, d–n you,' said Lytle, 'I'll give you one minute to pick up those knapsacks!' Slowly, first one and then another, and then a third picked up his knapsack, and before the minute was up there was not a piece of baggage on the ground."

SHERMAN AND THE PLANTER.

At an army reunion some years after the war General Sherman told the following:

"I remember one day away down in Georgia, somewhere between, I think, Milledgeville and Milan, I was riding on a good horse and had some friends along with me to keep good fellowship, you know. [Laughter.] A pretty humorous party, clever good fellows. [Renewed laughter.] Riding along I spied a plantation. I was thirsty, rode up to the gate and dismounted. One of these men with sabers by their side, called orderlies, stood by my horse. I walked up on the porch, where there was an old gentleman, probably sixty years of age, white-haired and very gentle in his manners—evidently a planter of

the higher class. I asked him if he would be kind enough to give me some water. He called a boy, and soon he had a bucket of water with a dipper. I then asked for a chair, and called one or two of my officers. I got into conversation; and the troops drifted along, passing down the roadway closely by fours, and every regiment had its banner, regimental or national, sometimes furled and sometimes afloat. The old gentleman says: 'General, what troops are those passing now?'

"As the color-bearer came by I said: 'Throw out your colors. That is the Seventy-third Iowa.'

"'The Seventy-third Iowa! Seventy-third Iowa! Iowa! Seventy-third! What do you mean by Seventy-third?'

"'Well,' said I, 'habitually a regiment when organized amounts to 1,000 men.'

"'Do you pretend to say that Iowa has sent 73,000 men into this cruel civil war?' [Laughter.]

"'Why, my friend, I think that may be inferred.'

"'Well,' says he, 'where's Iowa?' [Laughter.]

"'Iowa is a State bounded on the east by the Mississippi, on the south by Missouri, on the west by an unknown country, and on the north by the North Pole.'

"'Well,' says he, '73,000 men from Iowa? You must have a million men.'

"Says I: 'I think about that.'

"Presently another regiment came along

"'What may that be?'

"I called out to the color-bearer: 'Throw out your colors and let us see,' and it was the Seventeenth or Nineteenth—I have forgotten which—Wisconsin.

"'Wisconsin! Northwest Territory! Wisconsin! Is it spelled with an O or a W?'

"'Why, we spell it now with a W. It used to be spelled "Owis."

"'The Seventeenth! that makes 17,000 men?'

"'Yes, I think there are a good many more men than that. Wisconsin has sent about 30,000 men into the war.'

"Then again came along another regiment from Minnesota.

"'Minnesota! My God! where is Minnesota? [Laughter.] Minnesota!'

"'Minnesota is away up on the sources of the Mississippi River, a beautiful territory, too, by the way—a beautiful State.'

"'A State?'

"'Yes, has Senators in Congress, good ones, too. They're very fine men—very fine troops.'

"'How many men has she sent to this cruel war?'

"'Well, I don't exactly know; somewhere between 10,000 and 20,000 men probably. Don't make any difference—all we want. '[Laughter.]

"'Well,' says he, 'now we must have been a set of fools to throw down the gauge of battle to a country we don't know the geography of! [Laughter and applause.] When I went to school that was the Northwest Territory, and the Northwest Territory—well,' says he, 'we looked upon that as away off and didn't know anything about it. Fact is, we didn't know anything at all about it.'

"Said I: 'My friend, think of it a moment. Down here in Georgia, one of the original States which formed this great Union of this country, you have stood fast. You have stood fast while the great Northwest has been growing with a giant's growth. Iowa today, my friend, contains more railroads, more turnpikes, more acres of cultivated land, more people, more intelligence, more schools, more colleges—more of everything which constitutes a refined and enlightened State—than the whole State of Georgia.'

"'My God,' says the man, 'it's awful. I didn't dream of that.'

"'Well,' says I, 'look here, my friend, I was once a banker, and I have some knowledge of notes, indorsements, etc. Did you ever have anything to do with indorsements?'

"Says he: 'Yes, I have had my share. I have a factor down in Savannah, and I give my note and he endorses it and I get the money somehow or other. I have to pay it in the end on the crop.'

"'Well,' says I, 'now look here. In 1861 the Southern States had 4,000,000 slaves as property, for which the States of Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and so forth were endorsers. We were on the same bond. Your slaves were protected by the same law which protects land and other property. Now, you got mad at them because they didn't think exactly as you did about religion, and about that thing and t'other thing; and like a set of fools, you first took your bond and drew your name through the endorsers'. You never will get paid for those niggers at all. [Laughter.] They are gone. They're free men now.'

"'Well,' says he, 'we were the greatest set of fools that ever were in the world.'" [Laughter.]

WHY JOHN RYNER WAS PARDONED.

A Philadelphian, who was Jefferson Davis' private telegraph messenger during the war, relates the following incident of a Christmas eve, when, just as he was ready to be dismissed—the office closed at 10:30 p. m.—the operator gave him a message, saying it must be answered that night. It came from Fredericksburg, and read as follows:

To His Excellency President Jefferson Davis:

I am going to be shot at 7 in the morning for desertion. Pardon me for the sake of my poor wife and seven little children. JOHN RYNER.

"You may be sure I took the message," said he, "and ran to the house of the President. My boyish heart had been touched. I seemed to feel the weight of that man's life in my hands, and I made his business my business. As I got to the house I saw the bright lights and heard music. I rang the bell. A little adjutant came out. 'An important message for the President,' I said. He took it and in a few minutes brought it back. 'Referred to Adjutant General Cooper,' he had written on it. I burst into tears, because I knew old Cooper would't pardon the man. Still, I took it and ran through the sleet and snow to Cooper's house. An old negro woman opened the door, which nearly knocked her down, the wind blew in so. 'An awful

night, marster!' she said. 'Yes, marmy,' said I, 'let me see the General, quick.' She said, 'I don't know as I kin; he's just at dinner.' 'But this is important,' I said. She let me in, and just then I saw old General Cooper, a tall old man, with long white hair, going up the stairs from the dining-room into a group of young ladies. That was my time. So, rushing up, I said: 'A very important message, sir.' Of course the ladies gathered around and said: 'Oh, what is it?' The old General read it, and you should have heard the ladies cry. They all begged him to let the man go. He didn't say a word, but wrote on the back of the message: 'John Ryner is reprieved.' You can be sure I didn't lose any time sending that message."

THE SAME NAME FOR TWO MEN.

An Illinois soldier tells of the following curious experience: "At Antietam I took a pair of nicely polished shoes from the body of a man who must have been in life a model soldier, and wore them four or five days before I had an opportunity to examine them carefully. When I did I made a startling discovery. On the under side of the flap or tongue was written, in a clear, round hand, my own name. I was confident that I had never written it there, but there on both shoes were my initials and my family name, and I had taken these shoes four days before from the feet of a man killed in battle. I could not put them on again. I walked in my stocking feet to the commissary department, secured a pair of new shoes, and I have the other shoes yet. The affair troubled me for a long time, but finally I learned that there was no family relationship whatever. He had come to this country from England and had been in the country only a few months when the war broke out. He enlisted through a spirit of adventure and I was the means of giving his relatives definite information as to his fate."

WELL MEANING, BUT NOT TRUTHFUL.

One day a gentleman, not connected with the Southern Army, was riding to overtake Lewis's Kentucky Brigade, then serving as mounted

infantry, and operating between Augusta and Savannah, Ga., after Sherman had reached the latter city. The brigade, reduced to a few hundred by four years' active service in the field, had just marched through a little village, where the gentleman soon after arrived. He rode up to the door of a cottage in which dwelt an old Irishman and his spouse, and inquired if they had seen any Confederates passing. The old lady, seeing that the interrogator had on a blue army overcoat, naturally concluded that he was the advance of a Union column in pursuit, and being a true Southron, she thought to do the cause a service by at once striking terror into the enemy's ranks. She therefore answered:

"Yis, sir; they have jist been afther marching through, and there was twinty thousand o' them if there was a single mon!"

The gentleman thanked her for the information, and turned his horse's head in the direction the "twinty thousand" had gone. The old man, thinking that the exaggeration had not been sufficiently complete, ceased the vigorous whifling at his pipe long enough to call after the supposed Unionist:

"Yis, sir, that's ivery word the thruth, it is. And they were dommed big min at that!"

"HUDDLE! GOL DARN YE!"

Immediately after the ordinances of secession had been passed, and it became apparent that there would be war, the attention of the Southern youth was directed almost exclusively to Hardee's Tactics, and especially "The Drill of the Company." Military organizations sprang up thick as hops all over the country, and the rivalry between them, as well as the interest elicited from their civilian friends and admirers, was immense. There was one very fine company organized at Memphis, which acquired a wide reputation for excellence in all the evolutions. It was commanded by a Mexican veteran who was a master of tactics and martinet in drill. Every afternoon a throng of people would resort to the large vacant lot whereon this company was receiving instruction, to witness and applaud its performance. On one

occasion, when an unusually large and appreciative crowd was collected and many ladies present, the Captain became so enthused that, after exhausting every recognized movement, he began to extemporize, and shouted out the command: "Company, right and left oblique; march." The men gallantly essayed to obey the order, and, diverging from either flank, scattered widely. The Captain racked his brain for a proper command to bring them together again, but the Tactics provided no formula for such a dilemma. At length, when the boys had become strung out like a flock of wild pigeons, and seemed about to separate for ever, he yelled, in desperation: "Huddle! Gol darn ye!"

A CHAPLAINCY DECLINED.

When General Gideon S. Pillow, of Tennessee, was raising a regiment of volunteers for the Confederate Army, he sent an invitation to Parson Brownlow to act as chaplain. The response was characteristic of the man. He wrote: "When I make up my mind to go to ——, I'll cut my throat and go direct, and not travel around by way of the Southern Confederacy."

A VERITABLE RIP VAN WINKLE.

Captain —— ——, of the —— Indiana regiment, was, during one of the last battles in Virginia before the final surrender, while leading his company in a charge, struck by a bullet in the head, and fell. Being a great favorite with his men, they carefully carried him to a hospital in the rear, where he had every possible attention. Then he was conveyed to Washington and placed in one of the hospitals, and, after a long period of suffering, his wound healed, but his reason had fled. He was officially declared insane, and placed in an asylum near Washington, where he remained twenty years in this condition.

A few months ago his reason returned, and to-day he is as sane a man as lives. He says the past is a blank. He can scarcely comprehend that he is not the same young man that he was twenty years ago. He has found some of his comrades, and these have treated him with great kindness. He can describe scenes and incidents of

the war with as much clearness as if they had taken place but a few months ago. Among the friends he made is ex-Secretary of War Lincoln, who became interested in his case and had his application for a pension made special by the commissioner of pensions, who also took an interest in the matter, and he received $10,000 of back pension money, with which he went into business.

UNION DEATHS IN THE WAR.

Not until twenty years after the war was a careful official record made of the number of deaths that occurred in the Union army. Finally, a minute and exhaustive exploration of all attainable official documents was made by an experienced statistician of the Adjutant General's Office, occupying about a year, with the aid of ten clerks. The resulting table shows a total of 9,853 deaths of commissioned officers and 349,913 deaths of enlisted men, making an aggregate of 359,496 deaths among the Union forces. The period included in the record is, for the regular troops, the interval between April 15, 1861, and August 1, 1865; for a portion of the volunteers it is prolonged beyond the latter date until the muster out of each organization. It will be remembered that the troubles in Mexico and other causes occasioned the retention of some volunteers in the service after the downfall of the Confederacy. Indeed, the last white volunteer organization was disbanded November 18, 1867, and the last colored regiment December 20, 1867, while the last officer of the volunteer general staff was not mustered out until July 1, 1869.

Yet, careful as the examination of the records has been, one lack renders it still far from complete. The death registers of some of the largest prisons at the South, used for the confinement of Union soldiers, are missing. For the prisons at Americus, Atlanta, Augusta, Charleston, Lynchburg, Macon, Marietta, Mobile, Montgomery, Savannah, Shreveport and Tyler the registers have not been secured at all, and the importance of these prisons is well known. Only partial records were had from the prisons at Cahawba, Columbia, Florence, S. C., Millen and Salisbury. There have been ways, it is

true, of partly working up these deficiencies; but, on the other hand, as Quartermaster General Meigs has shown, in many Southern prisons three or four corpses of Union prisoners were sometimes buried in the same trench, and the number of graves only imperfectly indicates the number of dead. Even in this most imperfect record, the number of Union soldiers known to have died in captivity was close upon thirty thousand—in exact figures, 29,498.

The following table shows the general results:

	Officers.	*Men.*	*Aggregate.*
Killed or died of wounds	6,365	103,673	110,038
Died of disease	2,795	221,791	224,586
Drowned	106	4,838	4,944
Other accidental deaths	142	3,972	4,114
Murdered	37	487	524
Killed after capture	14	86	100
Committed suicide	26	365	391
Executed	...	267	267
Executed by enemy	4	60	64
Died from sunstroke	5	308	313
Other known causes	62	1,972	2,034
Causes not stated	28	12,093	12,121
Totals	9,584	349,912	359,496

In a classification by States, the aggregate deaths, of both officers and men, of prisoners and men in active service, who were killed in action, died of wounds, or died of disease, were as follows:

	Active men.	*Prisoners.*	*Aggregate.*
Alabama	309	36	345
Arkansas	1,683	30	1,713
California	573	...	573
Colorado	322	1	323
Connecticut	4,721	633	5,354
Dakota	6	...	6
Delaware	806	76	882
District of Columbia	230	60	290
Florida	213	2	215
Georgia	15	...	15
Illinois	32,886	1,948	34,834

Indiana	25,363	1,309	26,672
Iowa	12,295	706	13,201
Kansas	2,544	86	2,630
Kentucky	9,754	1,020	10,774
Louisiana	929	16	945
Maine	8,732	666	9,398
Maryland	2,260	722	2,982
Massachusetts	12,078	1,864	13,942
Michigan	13,294	1,459	14,753
Minnesota	2,392	192	2,584
Mississippi	78	...	78
Missouri	13,553	334	13,887
Nebraska	237	2	239
Nevada	33	...	33
New Hampshire	4,482	368	4,850
New Jersey	5,232	522	5,754
New Mexico	277	...	277
New York	40,988	5,546	46,534
North Carolina	290	70	360
Ohio	32,764	2,711	35,475
Oregon	45	...	45
Pennsylvania	28,420	4,763	33,183
Rhode Island	1,218	103	1,321
Tennessee	5,495	1,282	6,777
Texas	133	8	141
Vermont	4,589	635	5,224
Virginia	29	13	42
West Virginia	3,340	677	4,017
Wisconsin	11,590	711	12,301
Washington Territory	22	...	22
Indian Nations	1,016	2	1,018
Veteran Relief Corps	1,672	...	1,672
Veteran Volunteer (H. C.)	106	...	106
Vol. Eg. and S. S.	527	25	552
Volunteer Infantry	243	...	243
General and Staff Officers	236	3	239
Colored troops	36,556	291	36,847
Miscellaneous	230	2	232
Regular army	5,192	606	5,798
Totals	329,998	29,498	359,496

This aggregate of nearly 360,000 deaths of Union soldiers must be supplemented by a like record of Confederate soldiers, in order to find the real number of victims to the war in both armies. Then the naval deaths must also be ascertained and added. Many a soldier and sailor

met a fate more dreaded than death in being crippled for life or made the prey of lingering disease contracted in the service.

BRAVER THAN THEY MEANT TO BE.

At the time Buell and Bragg were making their celebrated race for Louisville the former was moving by the Louisville and Nashville turnpike, while Bragg was hurrying forward by the Bardstown pike. Both were making forced marches, and many men broke down. One of Buell's men found his feet utterly incapable of supporting him any longer. He tried to get into an ambulance, but all were full. Then he consulted with half a dozen of his friends in like condition, with the result that they stole a hand car and started for Louisville by the railroad. Their theory was that the railroad and pike were parallel and so close together that they could easily rejoin their regiment if necessary. But the railroad made a great bend to get around Muldrough's Hill, while the pike went directly over it. The bend took it, at that time, inside Bragg's lines. But of that the hand car passengers were not aware, until it was quite too late to help it. They worked their way to the top of the grade and started down at a tearing pace, finding out for the first time that their hand car had no brake. But they were reckless and rather enjoyed it, until they suddenly dashed into and through a group of Confederates guarding the railroad. A hundred times, perhaps, within a few miles were they ordered to halt, but they couldn't have halted if they had wanted to, and they didn't want to. Without moving a hand this squad of blue coats charged through his guards and along the flank of Bragg's army, creating as much astonishment as if they had rode through them on horseback, going into the Confederate lines as though shot out of a cannon, and out of them at the same speed. Finally, as the level ground was reached, they discovered a Confederate force burning the bridge over a small stream some distance ahead. They managed to stop the hand car, and took to the woods, where they hid until night. Then they managed to evade the enemy and finally made a triumphal entry into Louisville some days ahead of Buell—where they were promptly placed under

arrest to await the coming up of their regiment. General Nelson heard their story, and though he ordered them under arrest, he took a grim delight in the reflection that they had broken through Bragg's lines, even though involuntarily and in a hand car.

STANTON AS A REPORTER.

The great war Secretary had but little respect for the newspaper men of the time. Too many of them were so anxious to print the news as to care nothing for the consequences of disclosures of movements thereby made, and few of them ever rose high in his favor. The Washington Chronicle, however, was the nearest to an exception, and some of the staff of that paper were treated with occasional marked favor. On one occasion—during the battles of the Wilderness—a reporter of the Chronicle, the Secretary's special favorite, by the way, had been at the department from early evening until 3 a. m. He was sure there was important news and he was determined to get it. When a reporter makes up his mind like that he commonly succeeds. But not a line could he get hold of, and the Secretary declined to admit him to the inner office. He sat in the little side room all alone, save his cigar and the small errand boy of the Chronicle, who was coiled up on a chair fast asleep. He knew the Secretary was in his room, and he would stay as long as the Secretary did.

It was 3 a. m. when the doors opened and Mr. Stanton walked out. The reporter at once stood before him.

"You here yet?" said Mr. Stanton.

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"My boy, I sent you word frequently that I had nothing for you. I have nothing I can give to the press."

"But, Mr. Stanton——"

"Ah, yes, I know; but even if I would give you anything it is too late now."

"Not at all, sir," eagerly answered the reporter. "There is a youngster asleep there in the corner who will be at the Chronicle office as quick as lightning if I say the word, and all will be in readiness

for me and the copy by the time I reach there. I have two carriages at the door."

"So! Well, you deserve not to be disapointed. Say the word! Start off the boy and turn up the light at the high desk there."

The boy was off in a second, and the weary, cross-grained Secretary took his position standing at the high desk. He wrote steadily without speaking a word for at least an hour; tearing up many sheets and throwing them in small pieces upon the floor and making many erasures. The reporter was on pins and needles. When he was through he gave the reporter a dozen or more small pages of copy headed "The Situation." Then he said: "Now don't tell on me! Come, let us get away from here." They walked slowly out of the department. To the reporter it seemed they went like snails. At the carriage door they said good-night. Horses never before so galloped down the avenue as did those of the Chronicle man's carriage. The article on "The Situation" appeared double-leaded in a second edition of the Chronicle a brief while afterward, and was the cause of wild comment, for it carried the stamp of authority upon its face. It was telegraphed all over the country. The printers preserved their "takes" of the copy as mementoes, and no doubt they are somewhere yet retained as valuable curiosities. This was probably the only time during Mr. Stanton's incumbency of the War Department that his hand-writing was seen in the composing-room of a newspaper office. The article was not published as from the Secretary of War, for the reporter kept faith, and the story was not told for many years after the war.

A DESERTER'S EXTRAORDINARY CASE.

An ex-deputy provost marshal for the Fifteenth District of Ohio tells the following singular story of the arrest of a deserter:

"One morning as I was coming down town from breakfast I met a man and woman who were in a buggy. The lady inquired for the provost marshal, saying she had brought her husband and wanted to turn him over to me as a deserter. Their name was Applegate, and,

as it was a new experience for me to have a woman voluntarily constitute herself an assistant of mine for the special purpose of having her husband arrested as a deserter, I asked her how it happened that she had brought him in. After comparing her story with the information I had before, I concluded that Applegate was less to blame in the matter than some one else. It appeared that he was induced to volunteer in Burnap's battery, but with the distinct understanding with Burnap that he was to be permitted to go to Pittsburg with a large load of staves and headings and dispose of them before he reported for duty. Before Applegate had time, however, to start on his trip, he and Burnap had a personal difficulty, one result of which was Burnap's retracting his consent for Applegate to make the trip. But the barge was loaded, and Applegate having contracted with a steamer to tow it, he got off to Pittsburg, sold his stuff, and came home to find the battery gone, while he was reported in his neighborhood as a deserter. It seems his neighbors made it pretty warm for him about home, trying to capture him, but his wife wanted to fit him out in underclothing, etc., before he left, and he managed to evade them until she got him ready to go, then she took him in a buggy, left home long before daylight, and met me, as stated.

"The woman bid her husband good-by and started back home. I told Applegate I should take him to Marietta on the steamer Mattie Roberts on the next day but one, upon which he said that if at home he would be able to shear his sheep the next day, and meet the boat at a point higher up the river the day after. I told him he might go, but he would not do so until I gave him a written permit, which I did. I found out afterward that his wife had stopped somewhere on the road, and when she got home she found Applegate there ahead of her. Thinking he had given her the slip, she was for taking him in the buggy and bringing him right back. He had told her that I had let him come home to shear his sheep, but she would not believe him until he had shown her the written permit.

"Sure enough, Applegate met the boat at the place agreed on and we proceeded to Marietta. Although he was technically a deserter it

was not through any fault of his, so when I got to Marietta, I turned over the other prisoners I had with me to Captain Barber in the usual way, telling him I had another man, whom I wanted a different disposition made of. I told Applegate's story, closing by saying:

"'Now, I want you to make out transportation for Applegate to Louisville and a receipt to be signed by the proper officers there, give them to Applegate and let him go to Louisville by himself, report there, get the receipt signed and send it to you by mail. Also, to give him orders for similar papers to be issued at Louisville, to enable Applegate to report himself to the battery. I think it will be a disgrace to the government, beside an unjust burden on this man, to make him pay the expense of a guard after what he has already done, and if you will do what I have aked you to, I'll vouch for him faithfully reporting himself at Louisville.'

"After studying over it a while, Barber finally made out the papers and gave them to Applegate, who, finding it was nearly train time, made tracks for the station and got aboard. Before he was expecting it the receipt came to Captain Barber by mail from Louisville, and soon after we learned that Applegate had arrived at the battery, turned himself over there, and sent his voucher back to Louisville. So he did as he agreed to all the way through, and was at the front much sooner than if he had been sent under guard."

HOW A REFRAIN ORIGINATED.

In a letter to the editor of a Kansas paper, Judge George A. Hurm, a prominent attorney of Topeka, Kansas, says of the authorship of the refrain running,

"We'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree
As we go marching on."

"The verse was first sung by myself, at the time a soldier in brave old Jimmy Shields' division, in the Shenandoah Valley near New Market, Virginia, in the spring of 1862. We were at that time pushing 'Stonewall' Jackson up the valley to Harrisburg, and cheered the weariness of an all-night march through rain and mud by singing

'John Brown's Body,' until the words seemed as badly worn out as the tired troops. Our brigade halted at the roadside and were hastily boiling coffee for their scant breakfast, while in the column still tramping by a tired soldier here and there wearily continued the refrain

'While his soul goes marching on,'

when suddenly an old ditty I had heard when a boy about

'A sick monkey on a sour apple tree,'

came to my mind, and I remarked to my chum, 'Let us give John Brown a rest.' He said, 'How will you do it?' I replied singing:

'We'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree,'

when rapidly as sound could travel, the words were caught up and in a few moments Shields' division were singing them.

"The Graphic is not the first to characterize the line as 'coarse and half brutal,' for, some years afterward, while Jeff Davis and family were guests of the nation at Fortress Monroe, I remember to have seen the published copy of a letter from Mrs. Davis, in which she complained bitterly of the brutality of the Union soldiers who had taught her youngest child, I think she called him 'little Jeff,' to 'sing the coarse words,' and said the little innocent never seemed as happy as when singing

'We'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree,'

in the neighborhood of his father's cell. At this distance it is not surprising that the line grates harshly on fastidious ears, but then it was not constructed for use in a drawing-room. In fact, there was no special thought in its construction; it was one of those things which simply drops into a niche that fits, and if the thousands of soldiers who on the weary march were invigorated by the impassioned words are not ashamed for having sung them, neither am I ashamed for having originated them."

AN UNSUNG BALAKLAVA.

The battle of Cedar Mountain, while not one of the greatest, was undoubtedly one of the most hotly contested and sanguinary conflicts of the war. The intrepid stand made by Crawford's brigade of the

Union forces, bordered on the heroic. When, after several hours of musketry fighting, the Union forces were compelled to fall back, and two divisions of the enemy's infantry swiftly advanced to follow up their advantage, it was seen that it was impossible to rescue Best's battery from capture unless these great masses of infantry were checked, moving as they were directly for the guns. The one eye of the young General Bayard (the other eye was lost in the service against the Indians) saw at a glance the whole situation, and riding up to Major R. J. Falls, who, with a squadron of the First Pennsylvania Cavalry, were just within the woods skirting a wheat field over which the enemy were advancing, he calmly pointed to the grey masses pouring down the slope, and commanded him to charge right through them. Major Falls must have shuddered and believed his General mad, as he looked at his little command, composed of 216 men, and cast his eyes upon the heavy bodies of infantry approaching, and thought of the hopelessness and apparent futility of such a charge. But he was too good a soldier to hesitate, and he had been trained under the young General, who had taught them that neither officer nor man should ever question his command.

Straightening himself in his stirrups he moved his squadron out of the woods into the open field, and when he looked back and saw his little band of brave boys sitting like so many statues in their saddles, he thundered the command to charge, and with a savage yell they were flung right and left against the coming lines of infantry, slashing and cutting as they went, Fall's own saber piercing clear through the neck of one of the enemy, so fierce and resistless was their onset. Forward, still forward, until they had plunged through three lines of the foe, driving them in dismay and panic in every direction. And then as suddenly, when in the rear of the whole Confederate Army, they wheeled about and with savage fury dashed back through the demoralized and broken ranks of the enemy, and the guns were saved. Saved, but only sixty men came out, and one company was almost annihilated. The gallant Falls rode through this tempest of death and back again unhurt.

Captain John P. Taylor, who afterwards became a cavalry General and commanded the First Brigade of the Second Cavalry Division of the Army of the Potomac with great distinction, said of this charge:

"The enemy were not aware of any cavalry being on that part of the field, and when we moved out into the field and Falls gave the order to charge, it took us but a moment to reach the enemy's lines. After crossing the wheat field we obliqued to the left, and on our turning to come out we caught it on both flanks, suffering very little in the charge going in, as the enemy were evidently stunned at the sight of us. My horse was killed, and on coming out on foot I can only compare the bullets threshing up the dust in front of men to the commencement of a shower of rain with big drops falling in the dust. Ten years after the war I visited the battle-field, and found living on it Major Throckmorton, who was in the battle as a staff officer of Jackson's. He informed me that this charge was a great surprise, and that we rode up to within 200 yards of "Stonewall" Jackson's head-quarters, and nearly caused a stampede of the two corps under his command, which was only checked by Jackson himself mounting his horse and riding through his men, imploring them to stand by their General. Major Throckmorton considered it the most dashing charge of the war, saying that we had come through three lines of battle and others who were cooking coffee in the rear."

COULDN'T SURRENDER TO HIM.

On the occasion of the Union advance to Stone river, or Murfreesboro, the Confederates drew back to a line of battle. On the retreat a young Confederate soldier fell and a heavy rail struck him across the thighs, but he managed to crawl up to two stacks of straw and drag himself between them for concealment. While here he was found by Jack Norris, a stalwart six-footer of the Fifth Kentucky (Union) Infantry, who had been detailed as a stretcher-bearer. Norris repeatedly ordered the young Confederate to surrender, and was as often answered by the snapping of a gun, which would not go off. Colonel Treanor, hearing the cursing of Norris, hurried to the

scene, and the young soldier at once said he would surrender to a soldier, but not to an infernal stretcher-bearer. The prisoner was a handsome boy of sixteen years, and a nephew of the Confederate General Wood. The large-hearted Union Colonel took the boy under his protection, conceived a great liking for him, shared his sweet potato supper with him, spooned under the same blanket, and bade him "good-bye" at last with real regret.

THE OPENING AT SHILOH.

A member of the first brigade attacked at Shiloh says:

"It was my fortune to see the battle begin. It was in this wise: The left of our brigade, consisting of the Seventieth, Forty-eighth and Seventy-second Ohio Regiments, rested on the direct road to Corinth at the old Shiloh church. When the picket firing began in our immediate front, less than one mile from our 'color line,' Colonel Parker, of the Forty-eighth, asked permission of Colonel Buckland, commanding the brigade, to take the Forty-eighth out and reconnoiter the enemy's position. For this purpose the regiment started out, marching by the right flank, four abreast. They all went out in fine glee, with elastic step and heads up. It was a fine sight. The road which they took passed down a slight depression to Owl Creek, which was only a few hundred yards from our front. Instead of following directly after the regiment, I passed along on the right on higher ground than the route it had taken. Just as the front of our column reached the creek I heard a crackling of brush in my front, and on peering through the trees—all of our front was woodland, with a heavy undergrowth in most places—what should I behold but a line of infantry in grey, extending as far as the eye could reach, moving on the double quick to our right, with trailed arms. The men of the regiment seemed to have spied them at the same instant, and countermarched within not more than three hundred yards of this fatal column. My first move was to notify our brigade commander of the situation, whom I soon found sitting on his horse listening to the desultory picket firing off to the left. I hardly had time

to impart my information before the Forty-eighth and Seventieth Regiments were engaged in the death struggle. In less time, it seems, after this, than it takes to tell it, the whole line was 'one blaze of fire.' What followed is a matter of history."

MUTUALLY SALUTING THE FOURTH.

On the Fourth of July, 1862, a few days after the battle of Malvern Hill, Kearney's division was being pressed hard by Ewell in an attempt to reconnoiter the new position McClellan was taking on the James river. The firing was quite severe. Suddenly, just before noon, the Union artillery fire slackened and then ceased. At 12 o'clock exactly came twenty-one shots from each battery, the reports of which sounded soft, in strong contrast to those of a few minutes before. They were made by blank cartridges, and it was the regulation salute for Independence Day. It was a bit of sentiment that did honor to somebody to cease firing at an enemy long enough to give a salute. But the enemy was not behind in chivalrous devotion to the Fourth of July. Almost immediately his firing ceased for a moment, and then from the Confederate cannon came a similar salute, in sounds very different from the sharp, spiteful ring of shotted guns. Cheers went up simultaneously from both sides, but in ten minutes more they were banging away at each other with shell and shot in the most deadly earnest.

A BRIDGE OF COTTON.

When Colonel Andrew Hickenlooper was chief of engineers on General McPherson's staff, at one time when it became necessary to cross the Tennessee river, on whose banks they were encamped, the General sent for him and said it was absolutely necessary that he should build a bridge that night on which the army should cross at daylight.

"But, General," said Hickenlooper, aghast, "there is not a stick of timber within miles big enough to carry an empty caisson, and the wagons with the pontoons are twenty miles in the rear!"

"Can't help that," rejoined McPherson. "The bridge must be built and the army on the move by 4 o'clock to-morrow morning. Good afternoon, Colonel Hickenlooper," and he bowed the discomfited engineer out of his tent.

Hickenlooper went away in real and abject misery. The sun was only an hour or two high and he had little enough time to build a bridge, even if he had plenty of material, whereas he had nothing. To fail was to lose all professional standing, and as he thought of the prospect he fairly sweat blood. Mechanically he walked to the river and went up and down it for some distance to pick out the best point for a crossing. Finally, nearly a mile above camp, he suddenly came across an old cotton gin full of cotton in bales. An inspiration came to him. Why not build a bridge of cotton?

In half an hour a large detail of men was on the ground and the night's work began. Big cables were stretched across the river to hold the bales, which were piled in tiers across the river. The boards of the gin-house were placed on them for a roadbed. But at the best the job was a poor one, and so weak that Hickenlooper was in an agony of apprehension. The top bales were only three inches above the water and the cables were uncertain. But at 3 o'clock next morning Hickenlooper roused up McPherson and reported the bridge ready, and in five minutes preparations were making for the march. Hickenlooper crossed to the other side and eagerly watched the result. The bridge sunk under the weight of the men, and the artillery brought it down so that the water ran into the mouths of the cannon, but the cables did not part and the bales staid in place, and at 11:30 the last man and the last wagon were safely across the bridge of cotton, greatly to the builder's relief.

"SHERMAN'S BUMMERS."

Volumes have been written for and against those free lances who, on Sherman's "march to the sea" and up the coast, succeeded so well in enforcing Sherman's own saying, that war was terrible. That they did an outrageous thing occasionally was to be expected. But they

were a necessity to the army under the conditions then and there existing. That famous march would never have been the success it was but for the resistless energy with which they foraged.

When it is remembered that Sherman's army consisted of 60,000 men, and that they, with the horses and mules, were almost wholly subsisted by the efforts of fifteen or twenty men detailed from each regiment, it will be seen that the life of the bummer during the sixty days' journey through South and North Carolina was an energetic one at least, if the much-abused fellows did occasionally plunder.

From every regiment, upon the arrival of the army at the Branchville Railroad, which ran from Charleston to Augusta, Ga., were detailed from fifteen to forty men, with orders to mount themselves as best they could and devote themselves to scouring the country on the flanks of the advancing column for food, forage, cattle, and plunder generally.

The Twentieth Corps was the first to equip its bummers; some had horses furnished them, and others got them as best they could. Kilpatrick's cavalry gathered in many a horse or mule that had been left in an exposed condition during the night. At first all of the regiments were not represented, but before many days every command in the entire army had its band of bummers. Each regiment acted on its own hook and had only one regulation to observe, and that was to take its regular turn in the advance. Each corps consisted of three divisions, and these had to go to the right in the advance on alternate days. And woe unto a squad of another division who gained the advance on a day when it was not its turn. When caught in such a proceeding the commanding General who was entitled to the advance would summarily arrest the disobedient bummers, dismount them and confiscate the plunder.

At Fayetteville, N. C., forty-two bummers of the First Division, Twelfth Corps, drove the Confederates from the town and across Cape Fear River, taking possession and securing a vast quantity of flour, meal, meat and tobacco. This day the Second Division, bluff old General Geary in command, had the "right to the road," and when

he came up and found the condition of affairs, and realizing that the honor of capturing Fayetteville, with all its glory and plunder, had been insidiously appropriated by the insignificant forty-two Red Star bummers, his wrath knew no bounds. He sent for the commanding officer, and was answered that there was no commissioned officer there; that the men were composed of bummers from the Twenty-seventh Indiana and Thirteenth New Jersey, and that a Hoosier-Jerseyman named Hi Hand, of the Thirteenth, "was running the thing." The staff officer hunted up the cheeky Hand, who had heretofore considered himself equal to almost any emergency, and was looked upon as a sort of plumed knight by the men of the expedition. The General sent for him to report at headquarters, whither the do-as-you-please Hand went, and after some little time was ushered into the terrible presence of the mighty Geary.

"What is your regiment, and by whose authority do you presume to disobey orders in the manner you have done in advancing upon this place, thus laying yourself liable to capture and death?"

The culprit was temporarily paralyzed by the manner and substance of Geary's reception. But he readily recovered, and told the General that he and his comrades had not seen their division for twelve days; had been down on Lynch's Creek, plundering the people, converting the natives, educating the negroes, and making war terrible; and as a result, he told him that outside of the stores which they had captured on the retreat of the Confederates from Fayetteville, he had ten men running a large grist-mill at Rock Creek, six miles from there, and that he had thirty-six wagonloads of bacon and meal, forty horses and 2,000 negroes, which he would turn over to the proper officer in due time, and that he really must be off, as he had a letter-diary of the trip from Savannah which he wanted to send to the New York Times by the first conveyance. According to a staff officer's account, who was present on the occasion, "The brave old general was paralyzed; he was dumbfounded. What was to be done? It would not do to compliment the twenty-year-old boy, and still he had proven himself the most successful forager in the command." Suffice it to say, Geary

released the brave and reckless forty-two bummers, and bade them report to their command. Before leaving Hand exchanged horses surreptitiously with Geary's Adjutant General, and joined his command, a veritable hero in the eyes of officers and men.

The advance from Fayetteville to Goldsborough was impeded by the Confederates, and foraging was discontinued for the reasons that it was unsafe and the country had become so barren that there was nothing to plunder. But all of this vast army of bummers participated in the battles of March 16 and 19 and proved themselves as brave and dutiful in the ranks as they were adventurous and successful on the "flanks."

A SOLDIERLY APOLOGY.

One of the French princes who visited the Confederate Army at Manassas, while being escorted down a line of troops by Major Skinner, of the First Virginia Regiment, expressed a desire to return by the rear. The Major for a moment was placed in an awkward situation, and a blush mantled his cheek, but, quickly recovering himself, he replied in French: "Your Royal Highness, we would gladly take you to the rear, but the truth is, the linen of the men is in rather an exposed condition. It being a part of the person which we never expect to show to the enemy, our soldiers think rags in that neighborhood are of but little consequence."

THE RIGHT COUNTERSIGN.

Old Ben Plunchard was a private in a Maine regiment, as brave as a lion and as true as steel. One night when the army of the Potomac was in front of Fredericksburg, Ben was on guard. The darkness was so black that it might almost be felt, and it was raining like fun. Ben was walking back and forth, wet to the skin and almost dead for want of sleep, when he heard a footstep, and presently the outline of a man loomed out of the mist and darkness. Ben called out, "Who goes there?" "Friend!" came the answer. Ben demanded the countersign, but the man didn't have it. He said he was Ben's Captain, and had

been visiting another regiment and got belated. Ben knew his man well enough, but he was a true soldier. "No use," said he, "I've got my orders, and you can't pass. Get out pretty quick or I'll give you a taste of the bayonet." "Nonsense, Ben," said the Captain, trembling, for he knew what kind of stuff Ben was made of, "let me get into camp; I'm wet as a drowned rat." But Ben wasn't to be coaxed, and when the Captain heard the click of Ben's musket, he began to think it was about time to say his prayers. But he made one more appeal. "Ben," he said, "don't make a fool of yourself. I've got a canteen of whisky—" Before he could say more, Ben brought up his piece to the carry, with the words, "Countersign is right; advance, friend!" and took a swig from the canteen. Ben knew the countersign for a dark, rainy night.

A BLUFF OF $100,000.

The gambling that was done on the Mississippi River steamers during the war was something terrific. Soldiers with full pockets were continually going up and down the river to and from their commands, and usually they afforded easy prey to the professional gamblers, who were almost as thick on these steamers as the men in uniforms. There are many stories of notable incidents of the gaming table of those days, but none, perhaps, more remarkable than the following.

Sometime after the fall of Vicksburg a veteran gambler got aboard at Cairo of one of the big boats bound south. He was a man who always carried very large sums of money, and consequently was generally invincible in a game of bluff. On the second day out he picked out as his prey a young, pale man, who looked as though he might be the son of a rich planter, who paid little attention to his fellow passengers, but was generally found near his state-room, and was always attended by his body servant, a light young mulatto. It did not take long for the gambler to get acquainted, and in the course of time he proposed cards. Nothing loath the young man consented. They played with indifferent success, until the sharper proposed poker and moderate bets. The youngster agreed. At last the gambler made a heavy bet—and

lost. Then he declared he must have his revenge, to which the other assented, and a new deck of cards was bought. Presently the gambler seemed to find a hand to suit him, for he began betting confidently. The youth lit a fresh cigar, looked thoughtful, and "saw" the bet and went $1,000 better. Now was the sharper's time, the moment of triumph for which he had been waiting. A large crowd had gathered around the table. Behind the young man's chair stood his body servant, quiet but anxious. The gambler looked over his hand once more, and laid it down as if satisfied. Then he leaned back, thrust his hand in his bosom and drew out a big, fat pocket-book and opened it. Placing it on the stake between them, he said: "I 'see' your $1,000"—and throwing down the rest of the bills with his other hand—"and I go you $20,000 better!" and as he spoke he reached up to the back of his neck and drew forth a long, glittering bowie knife and sent its sharp point into his cards on the table, where it quivered in defiance before the young man's face.

For an instant no one moved or seemed to breathe. Then the mulatto, whose eyes had suddenly grown big as saucers and whose every muscle was rigid with excitement, leaned over and whispered to his master. The latter nodded, and sat back easily in his chair, while the servant stepped to their state-room, three steps away, and returned with a queer, strong looking portmanteau, which he placed by his master's side. The young man again looked quietly at his hand, and into the calm, insolent eyes of his opponent. Then he took a bunch of keys from his pocket, leaned over, unlocked the valise and began taking out queer brick-shaped packages in brown manilla wrappers and piling them up before him. The crowd looked on with ill concealed curiosity; the gambler lifted his eyebrows in surprise, for he was in ignorance of what it meant, and the face of the darkey began to take on a look of satisfaction. The young man continued to pile up his packages, until he had twenty of them under his nose. Then his hands dropped to his side for an instant, but quickly came up again and he laid them on top of the pile, in each a big Colt's revolver, pointed full at the sharper's breast. He pushed the pile toward the

center of the table, and as he did so the "click!" "click!" of the pistols as he cocked them was heard all over the cabin, as he said in a voice that was as suggestive of "cold steel" as the sound of his weapons:

"I 'see' your $20,000, and go you $80,000 better!"

The gambler, thrown completely off his guard, was for an instant stupefied. He looked up into the eyes of his opponent. They were mercilessly relentless. He realized that he had been beaten at his own game. Then his self-possession returned. He calmly reached forward, took up his bowie knife, returned it to its place, pushed back his chair, and saying, with a bow: "You have won!" rose and walked off, humming an air as lightly as if he had won at penny ante! His nerve now was, after all, equal to his insolence of a moment before.

The young man slowly put up his pistols and returned his packages to the portmanteau, which was taken charge of by his servant. To a bystander who soon asked for an explanation, he said he was a paymaster on his way to Vicksburg to pay off the troops. He could as easily have made a "bluff" of $1,000,000. The story would not be complete without the assurance that it was really his last game of poker.

ROUGH ON THE GENERAL.

During one of General Johnston's retreats two members of Fenner's New Orleans Battery were discussing the General and his military qualities, when one of them remarked:

"I wish the General was dead and in heaven; I think it would be a Godsend to the Confederacy."

"Why, my dear fellow?" said the other.

"If the General was near the gates of heaven, and invited in, he'd fall back!"

MAHONE AT APPOMATTOX.

Senator Mahone, of Virginia, who commanded Lee's rear guard on the retreat from Petersburg, thus describes the last day of that army:

"We marched all night and the next day until about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when we went into camp three miles south of Appomattox Court-house. Longstreet and Gordon were in front, and my division and General Fields' division were drawn up in line of battle to cover the rear. At daylight we moved to Appomattox and then halted. I received a message from Lee to come to the front. I found him just this side of the court-house, with Longstreet and his staff, warming themselves by a fire. Lee asked the staff to retire, and then he said that he had sent for me because he was in trouble.

" 'Well, what is the matter now?" I asked.

" 'I suppose you know that Grant has demanded our surrender,' he replied.

" 'No, I do not know it, but I suspected it,' was my answer.

" 'Well, he has demanded our surrender, and I want to know what you think of it. We have only eight thousand muskets and two organized bodies—yours and Fields'.

" 'I take your purpose, General Lee, to be to effect a junction with Johnston in West North Carolina?'

" 'Yes, sir,' said the General.

" 'In my judgment,' said I, 'this junction can be formed only in one of two ways—first to cut through the enemy's lines and fight our way out, and that can only be done at a great cost of life. If successful, we will only have a mere remnant of the army left, and that remnant can not be recruited and equipped by a government in a wagon. I can not see how you could supply an army with munitions and rations. We have another chance to get to Lynchburg, but we will certainly be harassed every step of the way, and when we get there we will still be farther away from Johnston.' I told him that the time had come when I thought he was called upon to perform the highest duty that could devolve upon an individual, to undergo a test of the highest degree of manhood; that the time had come when, in my judgment, it was his duty to surrender the army; that I believed it would be a crime, under the circumstances, to sacrifice the life of another man. I told him that if the terms offered by General

Grant were such as we were entitled to receive I should surrender immediately. If not, I would fight it out here. He then handed me General Grant's letter containing the proposed terms of surrender. I read it, and told him that I thought the terms were as honorable as could be asked by a defeated army. Lee turned questioningly to Longstreet, who simply said: 'I agree with Mahone.'

"'What will the country say?' asked Lee.

"'You are the country now,' I answered. 'Our people will approve.' He said he did not know where to find Grant. I told him to get on his horse and hunt him up. He left Longstreet in command of the army, and rode away in search of the Union commander, accompanied only by a courier. I went back to my division, which Fields had put in line of battle, and told him what had occurred at the front.

"To avoid another engagement we sent out a flag of truce. When the men formed in line they began digging trenches and otherwise arranging for what they supposed to be an impending battle. They were ordered to stop work. It was the first order of the kind they had ever received under such circumstances. The soldiers seemed to understand what it meant without knowing anything of the events of the past twenty-four hours. As by instinct they realized that the war had come to an end. Some of the men began to cry, others threw their arms in joy around the necks of their comrades. Many of them broke their sword-blades and threw away their bayonets. I hastened out of sight of this affecting scene and rejoined General Lee at a little stream near Appomattox Court-house. Colonels Taylor and Stevens and several other officers were with him. I had scarcely reached the General's side when I saw a Union officer riding down the road from the court-house accompanied by a courier. He approached within one hundred feet of General Lee, at the same time saluting him, removing his hat, and took a note from his pocket, which General Taylor received and carried to General Lee. He read the note and answered it, and the Union officer rode back to the Union headquarters. General Lee stood in the dirt road. He took the note,

tore it up in little pieces and threw them upon the ground and with his heel stamped them under the dirt and out of sight. I mounted my horse and rode away, and General Lee went to meet General Grant. That is all I saw of the surrender."

FARRAGUT'S HOT COFFEE.

Just before the Union fleet was to move in its attack at Mobile Bay one of Admiral Farragut's highest and most trusted officers approached him.

"Admiral," said he, "will you consent to have all hands piped to grog in the morning, a stiff horn all around, just enough to make Jack warm and stimulate his best qualities?"

"Well," replied the Admiral, "I have been to sea—a dog watch—and have seen a battle or two, but I never found that I wanted rum to enable me to do my duty. I will order two cups of coffee to each man at 2 o'clock, and at 8 o'clock I will pipe all hands to breakfast in Mobile Bay."

Jack got his hot coffee, the Admiral took his station aloft, and the result is a matter of history.

A CONTRAST IN PRICES.

Just before the fall of Richmond the Confederate Government issued an impressment schedule of prices to be paid for property needed and taken for the uses of the army, with or without the owner's consent. Wheat was to be paid for at the rate of $25 a bushel; flour, $125 a barrel; corn, $20 a bushel; bacon, $4 a pound; horses and mules, $1,200 each; wool, $8 a pound; peas, $30 a bushel; potatoes, $20 a bushel; dried peaches, $20 a bushel; hay, $140 a ton; wheat straw, $60 a ton; salt, $10 a bushel; soap, $3 a pound; whisky, $25 a gallon; sugar, $5 a pound; coffee, $10 a pound; tea, $15 a pound; pig iron, $400 a ton; bar iron, $1,100 a ton; beeves, $50 per 100 pounds; sheep, $70 per 100 pounds; leather, $9 a pound; cotton shirting, $2 50 to $4 a yard; army shoes, $25 a pair; shoe thread, $6 per pound; wool socks for men, $5 a pair; etc.

On April 16th, thirteen days after the fall of Richmond, the Petersburg Express published the following list of "prices of the day," regulated, it is true, mostly by the sutler, and of course, much higher than in Northern cities, but yet away below Confederate figures: Butter, 60 and 75 cents per pound; cheese, 50 cents; mackerel, 15 cents each; fresh fruit in two pound cans, $1; raisins, 70 cents; corn starch, 25 cents; sardines, 75 cents; hams, 40 cents per pound; smoked beef, 40 cents; condensed milk, 75 cents; candles, 50 cents; honey, 75 cents; coffee, 60 cents; tea, $3 and $4; Irish potatoes, $3 per bushel; pickles, in gallon jars, $1 50; in quart jars, 75 cents; crackers, 30 cents per pound; cakes, 25 cents per dozen; boots, $10 to $15.

The Richmond Whig had the following market report: "The display of vegetables, meats, salads, etc., in the upper market was better yesterday than at any time since the occupation of the city, but prices were inclined to rule high. Salads, from 30 to 50 cents; fish, per bunch, $1; meats, 40 to 50 cents a pound: butter, 50 and 60 cents."

A CURIOUS COMPLICATION.

It was in the spring of 1865. Desertions were frequent from the Confederate lines in front of Petersburg. Hugh Morris, a sergeant of a New Jersey regiment, had been reduced to the ranks. A detail for fatigue duty five miles away included Hugh. The following night a deserter who came in said he had a brother in the Union army, and on investigation it was ascertained to be Hugh. He was permitted to wait with Hugh's mess until his return. Meantime the commanding officer of Hugh's regiment had been detailed away from his command, and his successor was ignorant of the facts above narrated. He received, shortly after assuming command, an order from headquarters to send Hugh Morris' brother there. He reported that Hugh was away on detail, and had no brother in the regiment. In doing so he (erroneously) signed the Colonel's name instead of his own. The Colonel had previously reported the deserter and obtained permission for him to wait for his brother's return. Meantime one of

General Meade's spies had come across the line and reported that Hugh had deserted and was giving the Confederates all the information he could as to the Union army and position. The pretended brother was doubtless a Confederate spy. It would seem also, doubtless, that the Colonel was in the game. Meade quietly ordered Wilcox's division to surround the New Jersey regiment, and placed every one in it under arrest. The Confederate deserter could not be found. The officers of the regiment were furious. The next morning Fort Stedman was surprised and captured by the Confederates, as is known in history. On the same day Hugh Morris returned to his regiment, and was immediately arrested and brought before a court-martial for trial, charged with desertion. There was no evidence against him except the spy of General Meade, before mentioned. But that was direct and conclusive. He was on the Confederate outpost when Morris came in, himself seeking opportunity to reach the Union lines. He accompanied Morris to the rear and slept with him that night in the prison barracks near Petersburg. While Morris was asleep he took from him his diary and also cut from his head a lock of hair, both of which he showed the court. The last entry in the diary was mention of the fact of detail to repair a locomotive engine. The clip of hair appeared to exactly match a sheared lock of Morris' head. Other than this and the fact that Morris had been reduced from sergeant to private and had expressed emphatic discontent, there was nothing against him. This, however, was absolute and convincing.

Morris, in his defense, produced the four mechanics who were detailed with him to repair and replace the railroad engine which had been thrown from the military railroad and seriously impaired. They testified that he was with them continuously, and only left for his company when the job was completed, a short time before he in fact rejoined his company. He admitted the diary was his and made no explanation of the lock of hair. The mechanics who worked with him identified him particularly by the hat he wore, which had a peculiar feather in it, and also his coat sleeves showed the dark lines

which had before been covered by the sergeant's chevrons. All the officers of his regiment testified to his uniform soldierly conduct through many campaigns and battles, and it also appeared that he had been deprived of his sergeant's rank because of communication with the enemy against express orders.

The court was nonplused by the evidence. It adjourned early until the next morning. Late that night there came to the tent of its president one of the most reliable and conscientious Captains in the whole Army of the Potomac. He believed in him next to his Savior. He simply said: "Morris ought not to be convicted," and went away. When the court reassembled a vote was taken by ballot. There were eight blanks and one "Not guilty," and so the finding was recorded.

Two months after, when the war was over and the army at Washington, the president of the court-martial was invited to take supper at the Washington House, corner of Third and Pennsylvania avenues, by this man Morris. There were assembled every member of the court-martial besides citizen friends of the accused man from New Jersey. He then made the following statement:

"When the war broke out my brother was in business at Atlanta. I learned he was in our front before Petersburg as a member of the Thirteenth Alabama. I had been detailed to go on advance picket duty during the following night. Afterward came the order for a 'locomotive mechanic,' and the orderly sergeant changed my previous detail, sending me, the only man from the regiment, to assist in repairing the engine. Now, when you understand I had made arrangements with the rebel picket to meet my brother between the lines you can imagine I had no taste for that locomotive detail. My chum looked almost like my twin brother. He knew a little something about machine work. I told him the facts. He refused to go in my place unless the Captain would consent. It was asking a good deal of the Captain. Well, we swapped clothing and he went in my place. My brother missed me and came over to our side. I missed my brother and went over to their side. The Federal spy met me just as

he testified, and I told him all the cock-and-bull stories I could think about the Union army. The assault on Fort Stedman was wholly unknown to me, but I got away in the melee and returned to my company. Then came the court-martial. Had I told my story as I do now, I should have been shot at sunrise. But the facts you now know."

CALM AND CANDID.

When General Sherman entered Goldsboro, N. C., after his march to the sea, on his way to join Grant before Richmond, there dwelt in that town a certain Colonel X., who was one of the most rabid Confederates that could be found. His house was situated in the north end of the city and at the end of a street, so that anyone coming into the town from the south would see his residence as soon as he would enter the south end of this same street. When General Sherman and staff came into the town, they came up this street and stopped just in front of Colonel X's residence; the Colonel, who was out on his porch, greeted them, and an officer, saluting him, asked what his sentiments were in regard to the war.

"I am a strong Union man," answered the Colonel, with a dry smile.

"Ah, indeed," said the officer, rather sarcastically; "and how long have you been a Union man?"

"I have been a Union man," said the Colonel, slowly, and as if considering his words, "ever since I saw you and your staff come into the end of that street, about fifteen minutes ago."

The candor of the Colonel's reply pleased General Sherman, and he ordered a guard around Colonel X's property, and during the entire stay of the army in Goldsboro, not a thing was molested in and around the premises.

ALMOST SURRENDERED BY MISTAKE.

During the assault of Port Hudson, by the Union forces, under General Banks, on May 25th, 1863, a strange incident happened that

nearly resulted in the surrender of the Confederate forces which actually occurred some time later. At one moment a white flag showed above a rampart in the fort. A regiment of men in butternut grey filed out at an opening and stacked arms.

"What does that mean?" asked the Union troops nearest them.

"We suppose we have surrendered," replied the men in butternut grey.

If any Union officer of sufficiently high rank had been present to order the Union troops to enter the fort, the Port Hudson siege would have then and there ended. But there was no such officer near enough to the skirmish line. There was an interval of silence and waiting on the part of both armies. Then a Confederate officer, said to be General Gardner himself, rode out of the opening and ordered the surrendering regiment back within their intrenchments.

An incident, both ludicrous and tragic, caused the display of the white flag. A new York Colonel had been leading the advance column. Carried away by his enthusiasm, he had approached nearer and nearer the Confederate works until, turning suddenly, he found himself, single-handed, up to their very lines. Either to advance or retreat would have been certain death. At this emergency he tied his handkerchief to a stick in token of his personal surrender. A Confederate Colonel some distance away saw the handkerchief above the Confederate lines, fancied it was displayed by the Southern side, and at once got out his handkerchief and waved it, believing that the proper thing to do. The New York Colonel got away, but the Confederate Colonel was court-martialed.

TURNING COATS UNDER FIRE.

During the battle of Shiloh a whole Confederate regiment became "turncoats" without in the least reflecting upon their loyalty or casting any doubts upon their courage. It was the "Crescent" regiment from New Orleans, an organization composed of the young aristocracy of that city. In the beginning of the war regiments frequently chose their own uniform. That of the "Crescents" was a very becoming

one, but of a grey with a very pronounced blueish cast. In the morning of the first day's fight the regiment formed part of Bragg's line. Presently Stewart's brigade, of the reserve, was brought up, just when the fight was very warm, and was halted not far in the rear of the "Crescents." Just then a mounted officer rode up to the Louisianians carrying a captured Union flag, which he waved aloft in triumph. The flag was plainly recognized by the reserve, and the blueish line of the "Crescents" was dimly seen through the smoke and underbrush. Bullets by hundreds were coming from that direction, and the inference that they formed part of the Union line was natural and irresistible. An excitable line officer at the left of one of Stewart's regiments gave the order to fire, and was promptly answered by a volley from the left of the regiment, the companies on the right remaining quiet, because they plainly recognized the Confederate line just in their front. The "Crescents" were taken by surprise and lost several wounded. In a moment explanations were made and the firing ceased. But its lesson remained, and was taken advantage of at once. Inside of two minutes the handsome jackets of the swell regiment from New Orleans had been doffed, turned inside out and replaced. The change was startling, but effective. The regiment may have had a nondescript appearance during the rest of the fight, but it was not again mistaken for the enemy.

PROFANITY EFFECTUALLY REBUKED.

Kilpatrick, when a Lieutenant Colonel of cavalry, once met with a deserved rebuke for his profanity. Custer was with him when he rode up to a sergeant of the guard in his regiment, and swearing at him furiously, ordered him to attend to a certain matter that had been neglected. The man folded his arms and stood at bay, looking Kilpatrick squarely in the eye. "Do you hear me, —— —— you?" said the latter, "why don't you do as I tell you?" "When I receive a proper order I shall obey," said the soldier firmly; "the articles of war forbid you to address me in the language you have used." Custer "snickered right out in meeting," and said in a stage whisper: "By

——, he's got you, Kil!" Colonel Kilpatrick saw the point at once, and in a very manly way changed front, and apologized. "Sergeant," said he, "you are right and I apologize. I should not have addressed you as I did." Then he gave his orders, the man touched his hat respectfully and turned away to fulfill the command and Kilpatrick rose many degrees in the estimation of his soldiers.

GENERAL LEE'S PRAYER.

When the war broke out General Lee owned one of the largest plantations in the Old Dominion, at Arlington, across the river from Washington. His slaves were numbered by the hundreds, and they every one loved their master. General Lee was one of those who watched the approaching conflict with sorrow, and it was only when his native State seceded that he reluctantly gave in to what he considered his duty, and joined his fortunes with the Confederacy. He was on the wrong side, and when he sheathed his sword and returned home he found his property confiscated. It was converted into the famous National Cemetery for Union soldiers, and thousands upon thousands were interred there.

It was a severe stroke for General Lee. The war seemed like a cruel dream. Those who knew him before the struggle saw how changed he had become. He was a sad man. His neighbors felt how hard it was for the magnificent plantation to be taken away from him, and often watched him with interest as he passed by in the direction of the soldier's burying ground. An old planter, one night coming along the road by the place, saw a cloaked figure moving about among the graves. Although surprised and somewhat terrified, he stopped to watch it. It walked around a short time, and finally leaned against a great tree, and stood motionless, only now and then turning the head as if in hunt of some object. For an hour the mysterious being remained in that attitude, and then fell upon its knees, and, clasping its hands, turned its face upward in prayer. The moon was flooding everything with light, and the planter, drawn irresistibly on, crept up where he could view the face. Just then the long cloak was gathered

around the person, and the ghost-like stranger disappeared over a neighboring hill.

The planter hurried home and told the story. Next night at 12 o'clock he repaired to the locality just in time to see the same cloaked figure start up and disappear over the hill. The planter's curiosity was by this time aroused to the utmost. A plan was concerted to find who the stranger was. On this night three of the planters of the locality went at about 10 o'clock to the spot where the figure had been seen before. They climbed to the top of a tree near by, and there, hidden by the branches, patiently sat and waited. Shortly before midnight the identical figure, all covered with the cloak, made its appearance. The man seemed to be in great distress. Silently he stood and gazed around, and finally, throwing the cloak aside, knelt in prayer. The watchers looked, and there, in the moonlight, were the upturned features of Robert E. Lee. The mystery was solved. The old General was visiting the home where he spent so many happy years before he was made the victim of a cruel war. Night after night he had been coming there, praying among the graves of those against whom he had fought.

THE BIGGEST ARMY MAIL.

Some of the army mails were very heavy, but they were all dwarfed by the mail sent by Sherman's army from Savannah after the famous march from Atlanta. Not a letter had been suffered to pass through the lines after the army started on its campaign, and when the mail bags were tumbled on the steamer for New York they had 86,000 letters in them. Postal clerks usually do not pay much attention to a letter except as to its direction, but the boys in the New York office talked sentiment over these, and doubled their speed to send the missives that bore glad tidings to wives and sweethearts, or to loving old mothers, far away from their boys. The closing time of each outgoing mail was stretched to its utmost limit in order to get in a few more letters to the girls and women that were waiting for news from the camp and field. There was a strange similarity in the hand-writing

of the directions, indicating that many of the letters had received their superscriptions at headquarters. Tom Clarke, one of the handsomest men ever in the service, and superintendent of the railway service, remarked that he had never before seen such a big extra mail distributed without growling, but on the contrary, the men seemed eager to send the letters home, and proud to bear a part in re-establishing communication between the boys in the army and the anxious ones in writing.

SAVED FROM A MOB.

On the night of President Lincoln's assassination the indignation in Washington was terrible. It was not generally known till after midnight, when the people gathered upon the street corners in discussion. The more they discussed it the more excited they became. The city was moved to its utmost depths and the mob spirit soon became uppermost. Just then some one recalled the fact that a large lot of Confederate prisoners had been brought in that evening and were confined in the old Capitol. "Hang 'em!" "shoot 'em!" "burn 'em!" became the cry, and to carry this threat into execution preparations were made. Ropes were procured, and everything was made ready for a general massacre of the helpless Confederate prisoners, who knew nothing on earth of the occurrences of the night. At that time General Green Clay Smith, who afterward, in 1876, was the Prohibition candidate for President, was a representative in Congress from Kentucky. He saw what was going on, witnessed the preparations being made to usher into eternity the helpless and innocent Confederates in the old Capitol, and realizing what a terrible deed it would be for a mob to hang, shoot, or kill three or four hundred men on the streets of Washington, who were innocent of any complicity in the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, procured the service of two or three friends to hold the mob in hand by speaking until he could see Secretary Stanton, and provide some means, if possible, to protect the prisoners from the rage of the mob. His friends responded promptly, mounted a box on the streets, and addressed the mob. When

one said all that he could say, another followed him, and so on, occupying half an hour, perhaps an hour; thus giving General Smith time to see Mr. Stanton.

General Smith ran to the War Office and rushed in, but found Mr. Stanton's private office door locked. He knocked again and again without a response. Finally, General Smith made himself known and was admitted. Mr. Stanton was overcome with excitement and was armed. General Smith told him briefly of what was going on in the streets and begged for troops to protect the unarmed prisoners from the mob. Mr. Stanton told him "to go and do what he thought best." General Smith left in a run, soon found a battalion of troops on the streets, took charge of and rushed them to the Capitol, arriving just in time to place them between its walls and the enraged mob—just in time to save from a terrible death some three or four hundred helpless Confederate prisoners, who knew nothing of the assassination or the danger in which they were themselves placed because of it, till next morning, when they looked out of the windows and saw files of soldiers in the streets, with fixed bayonets, artillery unlimbered and loaded, cavalry with drawn sabers, and a mob whose very look was appalling.

THROUGH A SLEEPING ARMY.

Pegram's advance into Kentucky in tke early spring of 1863 caused a hasty falling back of the somewhat scattered Union forces in the Blue-grass region, and brought about a curious incident, nothing less than the passage of a couple of Union regiments through a sleeping camp of Confederates of several times their number. General Q. A. Gilmore, in command of the Union forces in that section, being short of cavalry, mounted several infantry regiments, among them the Forty-fourth Ohio, Colonel "Sam" Gilbert. It was guarding the approaches near Mount Vernon and Wild Cat, Ky., while Wolford's cavalry were guarding the lines from Somerset to Burkesville. On the 22nd of March, Wolford's lines were broken in several places and he began to fall back. Pegram had begun his raid, and he moved on

Carter's position at Danville, the latter falling back behind the Kentucky river at Camp Nelson. Colonel Gilbert was at Mount Vernon, when he was ordered to fall back to Lancaster and be ready to join Carter's retreating troops to Camp Dick Robinson, south of the Kentucky river, these orders being given in ignorance of the fact that Pegram had obliged Carter to go on to the other side of that river, leaving the Fourty-fourth Ohio and a battalion of Wolford's First Kentucky Cavalry "out in the cold." Gilbert enjoyed greatly the prospect of a brush with the enemy, and pushed on. Reaching Lancaster just before sundown he found a Confederate force there which offered no resistance to his passage, but fell back and allowed him to take the road to Camp Dick Robinson without molestation.

Gilbert wondered at this, but not knowing that by that time Pegram and not Carter occupied that position, he thanked his lucky stars and pushed on, supposing the road to be clear. He soon found that he was followed, and a part of Wolford's battalion was placed as rear guard, the rest going in front. Suddenly a squad of Wolford's men in front ran into a picket post, about two miles from Camp Dick Robinson. No shots were fired, for at first it was a mutual mistake. The Confederates thought it was a part of their own force from Lancaster, while Wolford's men thought the pickets were of Carter's force at Camp Dick Robinson. The latter suspected the truth first, and quickly profited by it, holding a pistol to each picket's head and summoning them to "surrender without noise." As soon as Gilbert found out the true status of the case he decided on a plan of action bold to the extreme of daring, but which gave at least a promise of safety. To go back was to meet a force of 500; and though he would not have hesitated to fight them with his own force of 700, yet the battle would be sure to arouse Pegram's vastly superior force, and between the two bodies of enemies, and on a road which gave no escape save across the country, the chances of capture or annihilation would amount to almost a certainty, To go forward and trust to chance to pass Pegram's camp, which it was only reasonable to suppose was sound asleep, was his best chance, and he determined

to take it. It had been raining, but the rain had ceased and only a heavy mist was falling. The men all wore heavy rubber ponchos. For a few minutes the column stopped, the ponchos were removed and the guns freshly primed; the files were dressed up, and everything done to insure or further the chances of success. The rear-guard was brought up and told to close up on the column. The crisis had come. "Don't fire or yell, unless you are fired upon. In that case, charge at once and directly upon the enemy, and let every man use the battle cry—'Lewisburg!'" The column started once more on its perilous journey.

Slowly the files moved, but in perfect order; each man grasping his gun in readiness for action, and almost holding his breath in expectation. Every soldier now knew that a column was close after him and that a sleeping Confederate camp lay immediately before him. He may not have known that this road, leading through that camp, was the only route to the Confederate lines from this section; but the officers and the Kentucky boys knew it. Soon a row of horses were descried through the darkness, tied to the fence upon the left, but not a man was awake; or, if awake, probably soothed himself with the reflection that another column of Pegram's force was arriving, and returned to slumber again. Further on, both sides of the road were lined with horses tied to the fences, but their riders, too, were worn out and tired and were soundly sleeping. Reaching the point of intersection of the Danville and Lancaster roads, the point known in history as "Camp Dick Robinson," the advance file of Wolford's cavalry was accosted by a sentinel with, "Boys, what regiment?" A cavalryman responded quickly with the name and number of the command that was known to be in the rear, and finding himself close up to the sentry he raised his long saber, which he was carrying drawn, and dropped it upon the sentinel's head with a "dull, heavy thud" that extinguished life instantly and without further noise. The head of the column turned to the right and passed on toward Camp Nelson, while a platoon of the Kentuckians halted at the junction to preserve the column intact in case of an

alarm or an attack. Whichever way the men gazed, their eyes fell upon horses by the roadside. The Confederate army was literally asleep. They were taking their first rest since crossing the Cumberland mountains, and little did they dream that while they slumbered a regiment of "Yanks" was riding unmolested through their camp.

Two miles beyond Camp Dick Robinson the advance ran upon and dispersed the enemy's advance pickets, taking a few prisoners, but thoroughly alarming the Confederate camp. Presently they met and passed Carter's pickets near the Kentucky river. The column then passed on across the river, and, finding plenty of "top rails," soon had glowing fires and food and rest. They had done a deed that could scarcely be credited, and for which neither General nor newspaper nor "historian" has ever given them credit.

The reader will ask why Gilbert did not stop to ruin Pegram when once inside his sleeping camp. Gilbert had in all about 700 men with him, including Wolford's boys. Of these at least 500 were armed with nothing but long Enfield rifles, unwieldy on horseback. Pegram had nearly 3,500 men. Of these 2,500 were at Camp Dick Robinson and asleep; 500 were not over two miles away picketing the Danville road, while another 500 were close upon Gilbert's rear, and would soon be down upon him. All these men were armed with Sharpe's carbines, Colt's revolvers and sabers. They could do first-class fighting either on foot or on horse-back, while 500 of the Union boys could only fight well, armed as they were, on foot.

LINCOLN IN JEFF DAVIS' CHAIR.

Colonel Lew Weitzel relates the following incident in President Lincoln's career, which he believes has never been made public before: "After the fall of Richmond and the flight of the Confederate government, my brother Godfrey was placed in charge of the city. His headquarters were in the Capitol, and President Davis' Cabinet-room was kept just as it was when last occupied. President Lincoln arrived the day after the occupation and called at the Capitol, and several officers, among the number myself, accompanied him through

the building. When we reached the Cabinet-room my brother said: 'Mr. Lincoln, this is the chair which has been so long occupied by President Davis.' He pulled it from the table and motioned the President to sit down. Mr. Lincoln's face took on an extra look of care and melancholy. He looked at it a moment and slowly approached and wearily sat down. It was an hour of exultation with us soldiers; we felt that the war was ended and we knew that all over the North bells were pealing, cannon booming, and the people were delirious with joy over the prospect of peace. I expected to see the President manifest some spirit of triumph as he sat in the seat so long occupied by the Confederate government; but his great head fell into his broad hands, and a sigh that seemed to come from the soul of a nation escaped his lips and saddened every man present. His mind seemed to be traveling back through the dark years of the war, and he was counting the cost in treasure, life and blood that made it possible for him to sit there. As he arose without a word and left the room slowly and sadly, tears involuntarily came to the eyes of every man present, and we soldiers realized that we had not done all the suffering nor made all the sacrifices."

LIVING HIGH ON A PAPER OF NEEDLES.

"After the battle of Chickamauga," writes an ex-Confederate, "one of 'our mess' found a needle-case which had belonged to some poor fellow, probably among the killed. He did not place much value upon the contents, although there was a paper of number eight needles, several buttons, and a skein or two of thread, cut at each end and neatly braided, so that each thread could be smoothly drawn out. He put the whole thing in his breast pocket, and thought no more about it. But one day, while out foraging for himself and his mess, he found himself near a house where money could have procured a fine meal of fried chicken, corn pone and buttermilk, besides a small supply to carry back to camp. But Confederate soldiers' purses were generally as empty as their stomachs, and, in this instance, the lady of the house did not offer to give away her nice dinner. While the poor

fellow was inhaling the enticing odor and feeling desperately hungry, a girl rode up to the gate on horseback, and bawled out to another girl inside the house:

" 'O, Cindy, I rid over to see if you couldn't lend me a needle. I broke the last one I had to-day, and pap says thar ain't nary 'nother to be bought in the country hereabouts.'

"Cindy declared she was in the same fix, and couldn't finish her new homespun dress for the same reason.

"The soldier just then had an idea. He retired to a little distance, pulled out his case and stuck two needles in the front of his jacket, then went back and offered one of them, with his best bow, to the girl on the horse. Right away the lady of the house offered to trade for the one remaining, and the result was a plentiful dinner for himself, and, in consideration of a thread or two of silk, a full haversack and canteen. After this our mess was well supplied, and our forager began to look sleek and fat. The secret of his success did not leak out till long afterward, when he astonished the boys by declaring that he 'had been living like a fighting cock on a paper of needles and two skeins of silk.' "

AN ASTONISHING SHOT.

One of the remarkable casualties of the war occurred during the siege of Port Hudson, in the killing of a Union soldier some distance in the rear of the Twenty-first Indiana Volunteers, acting then as heavy artillery, by a shell fired in the other direction. Sergeant Rufus Dooley, who was sighting the gun and noting the effect of the shots, says:

"The immense shell—more like a big iron nail keg than a shot—went straight to the mark aimed at, and exploded just as it struck the hard packed face of the Confederate work. In fact it timed the explosion so well that the reaction was all one way; it hardly 'fazed' the work, and all the pieces flew back to us. One big piece sailed high above our heads and struck in a hollow behind us. I only watched it till I saw it clear of us and went on with my business,

thinking, though, that we were a little too near the mark for comfort. Soon after we learned that the big piece had struck a man who was down in the hollow and crushed his skull."

CONFEDERATE MONEY.

When the first issue of the Confederate money was scattered among the people it commanded a slight premium. It then scaled down as follows:

	Worth.
June, 1861	90c
December 1, 1861	80c
December 15, 1861	75c
February 1, 1862	60c
February 1, 1863	20c
June, 1863	8c
January, 1864	5c
November, 1864	4½c
January, 1865	2½c
April 1, 1865	1½c

After that date it took from $800 to $1,000 in Confederate money to buy a one-dollar greenback, until the end came.

"JOHN BROWN'S BODY!"

A member of the Twelfth Massachusetts Regiment claims the honor of originating one of the most famous refrains of the war, as follows:

"The tune of 'John Brown' was adapted from a camp-meeting tune, 'Say, brothers, will you meet us?' This, in turn, was modeled from a song written for a fire company—'Say, bummers, will you meet us?' The words originated with members of the 'Tiger Battalion,' Massachusetts Volunteer Militia; and as these members subsequently enlisted in the Twelfth Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry (Webster Regiment), we naturally claim words and music of the 'John Brown Song.' It first appeared in April, 1861, in a quartet of the 'Tigers'—Jenkins, Edgerly, Purnette and John Brown—and was simply a sort of joke on the name of the last mentioned. He was a Scotchman, and failed to see any point in the

witticism, which, of course, only made it more lasting. The Twelfth Massachusetts sang it in Boston harbor, at Fort Warren, were the first to sing it in New York City, July, 1861, where it made a sensation, and continued chanting it until it had become so common property as to have lost all novelty. We claim the adaptation of the tune and these words:

John Brown's body lies moldering in the grave,
His soul goes marching on.
Glory, Hallelujah.

"Our regimental band (Matland's, of Brocton, Mass.) was the first to arrange and play the tune. Two of the quartet are now living in Boston, Mass. John Brown was drowned in Virginia, June, 1862, and Jenkins' whereabouts are unknown. All were sergeants in the Twelfth Massachusetts Volunteers."

FOLLOWING THE CRACKERS.

The projected movement of the Union gunboats and transports past the Vicksburg batteries was supposed to have been kept a profound secret. Especial pains had been taken to conceal the preparations, even from the gunboats' crews, lest the wind should blow the news to the Confederates at Vicksburg.

On the afternoon of that day a private soldier, a merry, devil-may-care looking Irishman, presented himself at McPherson's headquarters with an urgent request to see the General. Everybody was admitted to see McPherson, and the private was soon in his presence, with a profusion of bows and military salutes.

"Well, my man, what can I do for you?" asked McPherson.

"I've called, Gineral, to ax the privilege of going down the river wid the thransports."

"Transports!" exclaimed McPherson. "Who told you any transports were going down the river?"

"Well, Gineral, nobody towld me. But I've kept me weather eye open, an' I see the motions goin' on wid the boats, and I've called to put in me applicashun to go in 'em."

"But even if they do go, they'll be shelled all the way past Vicksburg. You might get your head blown off. It's dangerous."

"Yis, I know, Gineral. But, beggin' your pardon, sir, I've noticed that where the crackers go the byes always follow, an' I've made up me mind I'd a good dale rather ride than walk."

The Irishman got his wish.

THE FIRST UNION FLAG CAPTURED.

The first Union flag captured in the war was taken about daylight on the morning of July 19th, 1861, from Lieutenant Shurtlieff, by Colonel J. M. Sandige, of New Orleans, then a member of a Virginia cavalry company, who, the night before, had been ordered forward on the Yorktown road toward Newport, then occupied by the Union forces. In the darkness a Union force was heard approaching, and in ignorance of its strength, it was allowed to pass by Sandige's squad, but when returning in the early morning it was ambushed and nearly all of them killed or wounded. Among the latter was Lieutenant Shurtlieff, who was carrying a small Union flag. This was used as a bandage and so was discolored with his blood. Shurtlieff was taken to Richmond and the flag was for some time displayed in the office of Secretary Benjamin, of the Confederate cabinet, as the first flag captured in the war. Afterward it was returned to Sandige, who kept it until after the war, when he returned it to Shurtlieft, then a well known artist of New York.

A QUEER CHARGE OF DESERTION.

In 1861, when hundreds of volunteer regiments were being organized in haste throughout the North, there was, through the inexperience or ignorance of the organizers, great confusion. Scores of things were done on the spur of the moment that would not bear investigation. It was the rule that a company to be mustered in must number so many men, and in not a few regiments it was the custom for company commanders whose companies were not up to the standard to borrow men for that occasion only. On the day appointed for muster

the Captain would arrange to have ten or fifteen men selected from the other companies report to him under secret orders. Fictitious names, to which these men answered, would be put upon the rolls and the men from the other companies would take their place in line with the men of the company to be mustered, would be sworn in and the mere formality ended.

No one thought then that there could be any after-clap in the way of serious complications or consequences, but on the first report made to the headquarters the men had to be accounted for. If the company had been recruited up to the standard, the real name of the recruits had to be put on the roll in place of the fictitious ones carried on muster day. The question was how to get rid of the bogus members, and the easiest way out of the difficulty was to mark them deserters. In a good many cases this was done with no thought of wronging any one, but marking or reporting a man as a deserter was a serious business, as many of the participants in this little scheme of deception learned to their sorrow.

Old Major Burbanks, of the regular army, mustered a great many of the volunteer regiments in 1861. He had a quick eye and good memory. In one case a man sent over from another company answered to the name of Thomas Tinkerman. He had a smooth, girlish complexion, and a very impressive blue eye. A few days after that he was in line with his own company for muster and was on the rolls there under his own name. The Major remembered the face and the eyes, and without explanation or remark that would in any way indicate his purpose, he ordered the man to stand out of the ranks.

At the close of the proceedings the blue-eyed man found himself under arrest, and two Captains of that regiment were in a panic. It was deemed advisable to get the man known as Thomas Tinkerman out of the way, and the next morning he was reported as a deserter on both rolls. When the regiment was ordered on the field he joined his company and served creditably for nearly a year. On one occasion he was on guard at division headquarters, when who should accost him but Major Burbanks. The mustering officer charged the blue eyes

with desertion and unsoldierly conduct, while the owner of the blue eyes insisted that he never had deserted, and that he had never committed an act of which any soldier should be ashamed. This was the truth, but it took a year to establish the fact, and in the meantime Thomas Tinkerman played the part of the artful dodger.

THINGS SOLDIERS CARRIED.

Colonel Frederick Martin thus discourses pleasantly about the things soldiers would sometimes appropriate and carry along:

"There were lots of funny things about the war, now that you think of them when the tears are dried away, and about the funniest things I recall, were the the queer articles the boys used to pick up on the march, and the eccentric way they'd tote 'em along to finally adorn some ditch on the wayside. Stragglers were the worst at this, but all the fellows were bad enough. Whenever the army went through a fine family residence, the boys would capture what struck each as most attractive, and some of their tastes were peculiar. They had a great weakness for cradles. You may ask me what a man treading his way to the front wanted with a mahogany cradle, and I'm blest if I know, but they took 'em.

"Now, you'd suppose that any ordinary idiot would just look at that cradle as it lay in the road and pass on, but they wouldn't. Some one would be certain to pick it up and lug it a few miles further into the Confederacy.

"I recall one cradle that traveled 100 miles on blue backs before it went to increase the blaze of a mess fire. Somehow, they seemed to think vaguely that there was a chance of getting the infant soother home, but they never succeeded.

"The funniest thing I ever saw carried was a looking-glass five feet high and two feet wide. I saw it first in the parlor of a central Virginia mansion, and next day on a soldier's back, headed for Petersburg. Then I lost sight of it for two days, and found it propped up against a tree forty miles further along. The next day I saw it traveling tenderly on a straggler's back. He had his gun in one hand, and

had somehow strapped the glass so he could get along without holding fast to it.

"Well, this fellow must have got tired, for the next day a third had it, and on the next a fourth. This chap toted it into the lines at Petersburg. He sat it up against a tree, took a long, regretful look at full length of his shabby self, and turned away with a sigh.

"It was just as well that he did. The next day along came a minie bullet, buzzing like a hornet, and hit the glass square in the center, and smashed it into a frame full of cracks radiating from around the hole.

"The heavier and more useless things were, the more they clung to them, even combining to escort pianos into untimely graves in mud-holes; but the man who could steal a rocking chair was a white-robed angel in his own mind, and the object of universal envy.

"Another funny thing was to have the sutler strike camp loaded up with condensed milk. I've seen a whole regiment sitting on a fence, each man with a milk can in one hand, dipping out the sweet, thick stuff with his forefinger, and licking it off with an expression of beatitude that would make a Raphaelite saint look sick in comparison."

HOW SHERMAN GOT A DRINK.

When General Sherman's army was at Goldsboro, N. C., he made a visit to the headquarters of General Howard. While there he felt the need of a small draught of whisky to drive off the malarial effects of the climate on his system. Now, all the officers of the army knew of General Howard's rigid temperance proclivities, and were strict in their respect for them. General Sherman knew there was no whisky in General Howard's quarters, and therefore did not mention his wants to the latter. Presently Dr. John Moore, the Medical Director, came in, and after a little conversation, General Sherman gave him the wink and said, "Doctor, have you a seidlitz powder in your quarters?" The Doctor answered that he had. General Howard spoke up and said: "General Sherman, it is not necessary to go to the Doctor's

quarters, I have plenty of Seidlitz powders here, and good ones, too; I will get you one." If there was anything in General Howard's quarters that General Sherman did not want, it was a seidlitz powder, and therefore he said: "Never mind, General! Give yourself no trouble." Howard was then getting the powder and glasses of water ready. "I will be going by Moore's quarters after awhile." Dr. Moore was a great wag, and quickly took in the situation and became a party to the joke. He said to General Sherman: "By the way, General, I don't think I have a seidlitz powder in my quarters, and you had better take the one General Howard has." By this time Howard had the powder all ready for use, and handed the glasses to Sherman. Rather than offend Howard by saying he meant whisky, he drank the foaming stuff down, much to his own disgust, to the satisfaction of General Howard, and to the amusement of the staff.

HE WAS OBEDIENT, BUT SLOW.

A Southern Army surgeon tells the following story of the battle of Chickamauga: "The hottest part of the fight was on Saturday and Sunday. On Saturday night we were expecting to renew the fight the next day. I turned to a corporal, saying: 'Andrew, look in that ambulance, and you will find a two-gallon jug. Take it down in yonder ravine and bring it full of water. If any of the boys get hurt to-morrow they might suffer for water.' He took the jug and went off, and I neither heard nor saw any more of Andrew till Tuesday, after the fight was over. He came up almost breathless with the jug of water. 'Doctor,' says he, 'I've found the water at last; I would have brought it if it had taken me three weeks to find it!'"

PREFERRED BEING A BABY.

At a recent reunion the following story was told by one who was at Gettysburg:

"In my regiment, when the bullets were falling like hail, and the shells were shrieking and bursting over our heads in a way to make the bravest heart tremble, a private dropped out of the ranks and

skulked back to the rear. He was well under way when, unfortunately for him, he was met by General Slocum coming to the front.

"'What are you doing here? Get back to your post,' the General shouted.

"The poor fellow stopped still and trembled like a leaf, but made no reply.

"'Get back to your post, you miserable coward; aren't you ashamed of yourself to be skulking back here when you should be in the front with your brave comrades?'

"Still the man made no reply, but began to cry like a year-old infant.

"'You infamous, sneaking coward,' shouted the infuriated General, 'get back to your post; I'll ride you down like a dog. Why, you are nothing but a baby!'

"I-I-I'll t-t-t-tell you what, G-g-general,' said the blubbering fellow, 'I'd g-g-give anything just n-n-now if I was a b-baby, and i-i-if I had my ch-ch-choice I'd r-r-rather be a female b-b-baby!'"

CAUGHT BY BUTLER'S YANKEE TRICK.

General Butler's first desire on taking command of New Orleans after its capture by Farragut was to put the city in a proper sanitary condition. Almost everybody who owned a horse and cart had either fled the city or was hiding, as terrible stories had been circulated about the "one-eyed Cyclops" of the Union army. One day while the General and his staff were seated on the piazza in front of his headquarters a dilapidated-looking team was about passing. The mule was spavined, broken down and resembled a moving hat-rack more than anything else; the harness was bits of rope and the cart an ancient, tumble-down sugar hogshead on wheels. Butler stopped the driver, who was one of the "po' white trash," and asked him what he would take for the team. "Fifty dollars cash in gold," said the driver. "You team is worth $200," said General Butler, and he directed his chief of staff to give him that amount for the whole rig, which was moved around to the headquarters yard. The fortunate driver went

on his way with his money. The next morning about two hundred horses and carts were drawn up in front of headquarters, their drivers besieging General Butler to buy them. He confiscated the whole lot and put the men to work cleaning up the streets of New Orleans.

"HOW ARE YOU, IKE?"

Isaac Littleton, a member of the One Hundred and Sixteenth Ohio Infantry, was a good soldier, barring one great fault. He was not reliable, and told a story with so much relish that he could actually retell it without any of the contradictions which afford so much pleasure to a lawyer to discover. Isaac was a butcher by trade, and was detailed to slaughter beef for the brigade or to superintend the work. This gave him a new field for adventure, and he improved it in his own inimitable way. One day he came to the regimental camp mounted on a grey mule. Some of the boys asked him where he got the mule. We will let him tell his story in his own words:

"That mule has a history. I went out with a party of the Fourth Pennsylvania to capture some cattle in Luray Gap. We secured sixty-seven head of cattle and were quietly returning when a whole company of Mosby's guerrillas charged on us. I had no gun, but I had two revolvers, and as I rode along the line I brought down a man at every pop. I kept on till I had dropped twelve men. My revolvers being empty I took a saber from a dead guerrila and ran it through the body of the Captain of the company. Then I found two revolvers on his person, and armed with these and mounted on his grey mule, the Confederates took me for their Captain. I returned, and at every pop I dropped a man until I had emptied twelve more saddles. By this time the guerrillas were whipped, but there was only five men left of the Fourth Pennsylvania. Before the fight began I had driven the cattle into a pen, and now we found them all safe. The Corporal thanked me for my presence of mind and bravery, and said he owed his life to me. He asked me if he could do anything for me. I told him I only wanted the grey mule and the guerrilla Captain's pistols.

He said I won them and ought to keep them. On our way to camp we met General Sheridan and his staff. The General stopped us and asked me where I got the mule. I told him the whole story and showed him the revolvers. The General took out his note-book and asked me:

"'What's your name?'

"'Littleton.'

"'But what's your first name?'

"'Isaac.'

"'What Company?'

"'Company E.'

"'What regiment?'

"'One Hundred and Sixteenth Ohio Infantry.'

"'What Brigade?'

"'Second Brigade.'

"'What Division?'

"'Third Division.'

"'What Corps?'

"'Eighth Corps.'

"'Well, Ike,' said the General, 'my name is Phil; you must call me Phil, and I will call you Ike. I would like to see you at my headquarters. When can you come?'

"I told him I had to attend to the cattle and slaughter them for the brigade.

"'Well,' said he, 'come to-night if possible; come on that famous grey mule.'

"I was so busy I could not go until 10 o'clock that night. I found the General sitting up waiting for me. As soon as I entered he jumped up, stretched out his hand, and said: 'How are you, Ike?' I answered: 'How are you, Phil?' We talked over matters and drank a little wine and parted good friends. He told me whenever I came near his headquarters to be sure and call."

The boys were so delighted with his story that they told it over and over until every man in the company knew it. Added to this every

unlucky fellow who rode either horse or mule past the camp was greeted with, "How are you, Ike?"

The whole division and at last the corps got hold of it and even the officer of the day was hailed, "How are you, Ike?" It actually required an order from corps headquarters to stop the foolish question.

A SOLDIER'S BEST ACT.

A soldier of Morgan's command, distinguished alike for his courage and modesty, being asked what was the best act of his soldier-life, replied: "At Augusta, Ky., the Union troops were sweeping the streets with shot, seemingly as thick as rain-drops, when a mother on the opposite side of the street from me stood wringing her hands in agonized anxiety, regarding her little child that toddled in the middle of the roadway, unconscious of danger and apparently enjoying the music of the whistling 'minies.' Forgetful of possible consequences to myself, I sprang into the street, seized the little innocent prattler, and unharmed, untouched by bullet, placed it in its mother's arms. God saw the act and smiled, and I live to tell the incident."

SHERIDAN'S QUAKER HEROINE.

A modest little Quaker woman in the redemption agency of the Treasury Department wears a gold watch on which is inscribed: "Presented to Rebecca L. Wright, Sept. 19, '67, by Gen. Phil. H. Sheridan. A memento of Sept. 19, '64." The watch is attached to a long gold chain, fastened at the neck with a clasp representing a horse-shoe, a military gauntlet and stirrups. Hanging to a short end is a sword, a key and a seal. The wearer of this is a lady of fifty, and she appears ten or fifteen years younger. Her manner is quiet, and her face expresses amiability and the gentler womanly qualities. There is nothing strong-minded or warlike about her bearing—nothing to suggest the wearing of military honors. Yet no soldier who followed Sheridan into Winchester on the 19th of September, 1864, did a greater service than did this little woman on that occasion. It was due to her that Winchester was captured, and Sheridan always

spoke with pride of his "little Quaker girl." She was little more than a girl when he first met her.

When Sheridan was lying before Winchester in 1864 a family of Quakers lived within the town, then held by the Confederate forces. They were one of the very few Union families who remained in the place during the war. As Quakers they were opposed to war, and by the teachings of their faith they were loyal. During the heat of the contest the father, an old man, was made prisoner by the Confederates, and died from confinement and hardships. The mother, one daughter, and a little boy lived together, and were much respected, notwithstanding their want of sympathy with war and rebellion.

The daughter was Rebecca Wright, and she it was who furnished General Sheridan with information concerning General Early's forces which led to the successful battle of September 19. She has been married since then and is now Mrs. Bonsal. She is a refined and very intelligent woman, and must have been a remarkably pretty girl when she risked her life to serve the cause of the Union. She had never seen General Sheridan at that time, and knew nothing of him.

"I was engaged in some household duties," she said, in recounting her story. "It was about noon on the 16th of September, '64. I was interrupted by a knock at the door, and, on opening it, I found an intelligent looking colored man, who asked to see Miss Wright. There were two Misses Wright living in Winchester, and I asked which he wanted. 'Miss Rebecca,' he said; 'the other is in sympathy with the Confederates.' He would not say what he wanted, but, after looking about carefully, asked to be allowed to speak with me alone. I was impressed by his manner, and took him into another room. He at once closed the door, and I became alarmed, as my mother and I were alone in the house. But he immediately said he had a note from General Sheridan, who wanted me to give him all the information I could concerning the Confederate forces. He took from his mouth a little wad of tinfoil, which proved to be a letter from General Sheridan written on tissue paper. The colored man

said he had carried it all the way in his mouth, and had been instructed to swallow it if molested by the Confederate pickets. He was engaged in carrying provisions through the lines for the use of the town, and General Sheridan had secured his services in this matter. I was taken by surprise and did not know what to do. I did not know how far I could trust the man, fearing that there might be a trick to get me into trouble, and I told him that I knew nothing about the Confederates. But the man spoke very intelligently and gave such evidences of earnestness that I concluded to trust him. While he was talking I was tearing the tinfoil.

" 'Don't, don't!' said he. 'You will need that to wrap the reply in.'

"He said he would return at 3 o'clock.

"After his departure I read the note. It was written on very thin yellow tissue paper, which was greatly wrinkled and mussed from being folded so tightly."

Mrs. Bonsal has preserved the letter, put in a small picture frame behind a glass for protection. It was written in a very fine hand, evidently by dictation, and signed by the General. The sheet was only a little larger than ordinary note paper. It said simply this:

SEPTEMBER 15, 1864.

I learn from Major General Crook that you are a loyal lady and still love the old flag.

Can you inform me of the position of Early's forces, the number of divisions in his army, and the strength of all or any of them, and his probable or reported intentions? Have any more troops arrived from Richmond, or are there any more coming, or reported to be coming?

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant. P. H. SHERIDAN,
Major General commanding.

You can trust the bearer.

"After reading the letter," continued Mrs. Bonsal, "I went at once to my mother and told her what had occurred. We were almost overpowered by the thought of the great danger we were in, but we concluded to run the risk.

"If it had not been for an accident, that seems to have been providential, I should have known nothing to tell General Sheridan that would have been of value to him. As it happened, I did not know

how valuable the information I possessed might be. My mother and I were known to be loyal, and the Confederates had very little to do with us, so we knew nothing of them or of what was going on. But a Confederate officer, who had been wounded and was then convalescent, was boarding with one of our neighbors. As a convalescent he wandered about at will, and knew all about the strength and movements, the dangers, the hopes, and the fears of Early's forces. It chanced that just two evenings before I got General Sheridan's letter, or before I had any thought of serving the Union cause, this young Confederate asked permission to call on me. He had often observed me from his window arranging or gathering my flowers, and he was lonely and sought my company. So it chanced that two evenings before I got the note this young officer was at our house. We were strangers, with nothing in common to talk about, so the conversation turned upon the war, and more especially the state of affairs directly about us. He described the situation from his standpoint—how many troops they had and what they must rely on. I asked questions without any purpose except to keep up the conversation, and he answered freely. I had no idea of what importance all this was, or that it would ever come of use to me, but when I read General Sheridan's letter it all at once occurred to me that I could tell him what the Confederate had told me.

"When the colored man returned I gave him an answer to the General's letter, telling the number of troops, their situation, and the fact that some had been called off for service elsewhere. I told him, in fact, the very things, as I see now, that he most wanted to know, but I expressed regret that I could not give more information, and said I would try to gather more for him if he would send the messenger back in a day or two.

"The colored man put the letter in his mouth and left the house quietly. Many times during the next day, Saturday, and the quiet Sabbath that followed, I wondered what had become of the messenger, and what would be the result from my note.

"When I was awakened Monday morning by the booming of can-

non my first thought was whether my note had anything to do with it. It was a terrible fight, and in the afternoon, when the streets were filled with troops, wagons, cannon, and the poor suffering wounded, and the buildings were on fire all around us, my mother asked me, with tears in her eyes, if I thought my note had anything to do with this battle. I had thought of that all day, and I was overwhelmed. I hid my face in my hands and cried: 'Oh! no, no! I don't believe he got it.' It was the most terrible day of my experience. Houses about us were on fire, our own fence was burning and shells fell so near that my mother and I went into the cellar for safety. Finally the rumbling of the battle grew fainter and fainter, until it got so quiet I could not endure to remain in the cellar in ignorance of the result. From the first floor I could see nothing; nothing from the second floor, but from the garret windows I saw the old American flag coming into the town. I dropped upon my knees. I soon learned whether my note had to do with the battle. Hearing sabers clattering against the steps, I started to the front door and met two Union officers already inside the house. One introduced himself as General Sheridan. He told me that it was entirely upon the information I had sent him that he fought the battle, and he thanked me earnestly, saying he would never forget my courage and patriotism. I was so fearful of suspicion that I would hardly permit him to speak to me. I knew that should the Southern people discover the part I had in the battle my life would not be worth much, and I was afraid to have the General talk to me. I begged him not to speak of it; that my life would be in danger when the Union troops went away. General Sheridan replied that the Confederates would never come again. He wrote his report at my desk and called in the morning to say good-bye before following Early to Fisher's.

"He rode a beautiful black horse that morning. I lived on quietly at Winchester," she continued, "until 1867, and no one suspected me. They knew nothing of the matter until this watch arrived, accompanied by a letter from General Sheridan. Then the Union people gathered around me in astonishment. I remember an old man who

took both my hands in his and said: 'Why, my little girl, there was not a man in the place who would have dared do such a thing. As much as I like the Union I would not have had the courage.' Most of the community were wild with indignation, but the war was over and they could do me no injury. But they showed their dislike for me in many ways. The boys used to spit at me on the street.

"I had no conception of the service I had done until I received this letter from the General:

"'HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF,
NEW ORLEANS, January 7, 1867.

"'MY DEAR MISS WRIGHT—You are probably not aware of the service you rendered the Union cause by the information you sent me by the colored man a few days before the Opequee, on September 19, 1864. It was on this information the battle was fought, and probably won. The colored man gave the note rolled up in tinfoil to the scout, who awaited him at Millwood. The colored man had carried it in his mouth to that point and delivered it to the scout, who brought it to me.

"'By this note I became aware of the true condition of affairs inside of the enemy's lines, and gave directions for the attack. I will always remember this courageous and patriotic action of yours with gratitude, and beg you to accept the watch and chain, which I send you by General I. W. Forsyth, as a memento of September 19, 1864.'"

This letter is put in a double frame, so as to show the writing on both sides. On the back of it is an indorsement by General Grant, in his own hand, asking an appointment for (then) Miss Wright to a situation in the Treasury Department. While in the Treasury she met and married Mr. Bonsal.

A LONG TIME BETWEEN DEALS.

During one of the early years of the war Colonel E. Wolfe, of an Indiana Regiment, and Major, afterward General Hatch, of the regular army, occupied a log house as common headquarters, near Memphis. One night some movements were in operation, and orders were coming in thick and fast. To while away the tedium of the time the two officers sat down to a game of poker. The play was interrupted by the arrival of frequent orderlies, who were promptly attended to, and then the game proceeded. After a while, however, orderlies began to come in at both doors, and the situation grew critical.

Major Hatch started to his feet with the exclamation: "Wolfe, this thing is getting too hot. Mind, it's your deal!" and, leaving cards and stakes on the table, he hurried from the hovel and mounted his horse. An action soon ensued, and in the operations that followed the two friends became separated. Not during the war did they again meet, and not until twenty years after its close, when one day Colonel Wolfe was at Winfield, Ark., and entered the hotel there to register. A grey-headed, military looking gentleman was in the act of writing his name on the book, which having done, he handed the pen to the Indianian; their eyes met, and recognition was mutual. "Hello, Hatch," said the ex-volunteer officer, "who would have thought of seeing you here?" A twinkle came to the eyes of the veteran addressed, and extending his hand he dryly remarked: "Wolfe, it's your deal!"

A BRAVE SERGEANT'S LAST SHOT.

Sergeant Albert Bunn belonged to the Seventy-first Pennsylvania Regiment, which was first enlisted in Philadelphia by United States Senator Baker, and was intended to be credited to California. For some reason that State did not accept it, and it was disbanded as the First California and immediately re-enlisted by Governor Curtin as the Seventy-first Pennsylvania, though it had been one of the earliest enlisted. The regiment saw very active service. It behaved nobly at Ball's Bluff, where the heroic Baker fell, and was with McClellan through his Peninsular campaign in Virginia. Young Bunn won a name for unflinching courage, but the crowning act of his military career was at Gettysburg, when, on July 3, 1863, he met his death. The regiment was in the Second Division of Hancock's Second Army Corps. It was located on the left center of the line at Cemetery Ridge. Near by was a battery that suffered terribly from the devastating fire of the Confederates. Its men were being picked off by sharpshooters, and it was exposed to the full sweep of the fierce shelling with which the Confederates covered the gallant charge that proved their last. It was absolutely necessary that the guns should be kept

in position, but the battery had become so crippled that they could no longer be worked. In this emergency its commanding officer, who was wounded in the leg and who was shortly afterward killed, asked for volunteers to man his guns, and said he preferred men from the Seventy-first Regiment.

Sergeant Bunn sprang forward and took charge of one of the guns, and loaded it almost to the muzzle. Colonel Charles Kochersperger shouted to him: "Sergeant, your gun is elevated too high."

"All right," he cried back, as he coolly adjusted it, although he and all his comrades knew that he was looking death in the face.

"Sergeant, I'm afraid it will burst," said the Colonel, who had witnessed the manner in which Bunn had loaded the weapon.

"All right, Colonel," he shouted; "if it does it will burst some of them!" and he stood by his implement of death with linstock in hand. The Confederates were then making their final charge. Bunn waited until they were at close range, as unmoved in that hail of death as though he was on dress parade. When what he considered the opportune moment had arrived he applied the match. A comrade who witnessed the result says: "It was like mowing grain down with a scythe." The carnage from that one explosion was simply appalling. When the smoke lifted they saw Bunn lying beside the gun. When they went to him they saw that he was dead. Seven bullets were found imbedded in his body. Generals and Admirals win high renown for the military achievements of their men, but personal deeds of heroism by simple privates or subalterns are rarely recorded.

HOW SHERIDAN WAS MADE COLONEL.

General Alger tells the following story of the way Captain, afterwards General, Sheridan received his commission as Colonel of the Second Michigan Cavalry:

"It was in 1862 and I was then on one of the campaigns of the Second. Governor Blair came to the camp with General Robertson, Adjutant General of State troops, and they departed for Pittsburg Landing, thirty miles south. Colonel Gordon Granger was promoted

Brigadier General, and that left us without a Colonel. The officers chose Captain Sheridan, at that time Acting Commissary on Halleck's staff. I was charged with the duty of communicating the officers' wishes to Governor Blair, and with Lieutenant Frank Walbridge rode to Pittsburg Landing. I delivered my message, but the Governor hesitated. I reiterated the fact that he was considered the best man for the place. 'All right,' said the Governor; 'you officers of the Second know better than I.' He wrote Sheridan's appointment on a page of note paper.

"Walbridge and I rode back to camp that night. My brother officers deputed me to acquaint Sheridan with his promotion, and I rode down to Halleck's headquarters. I had never seen Sheridan, and was somewhat surprised when I was directed to a little bit of a fellow weighing about 135 pounds, with a big head, a resolute eye and broad shoulders. His form tapered down to his feet like an iron wedge. Dismounting, I said, 'Is this Colonel Sheridan?'

"'I'm Captain Sheridan, of the army,' he replied, with a quiet glance. The word 'army' with West Pointers meant 'regular army.'

"Well, you're my Colonel,' I said, handing him Governor Blair's note. He was considerably elated. Other staff officers suspecting something gathered around, and Sheridan handed them the note to read. Then came a deluge of congratulations and hand-shaking and an adjournment to a tent for refreshments.

"'Colonel, here's your health,' said an officer, holding up a glass of spirits, 'and I hope that it's only a step to a Brigadier's star.' The toast was drank with enthusiasm, but Sheridan said: "No, thank you, gentlemen; I am now a Colonel of cavalry, and I have got all the rank I want.'"

COOL AS A CUCUMBER.

General Pleasanton, who commanded the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac, had a tendency to always look upon the humorous side of things. He said that even in action at the most critical period he could always see something that made him laugh. It was at the battle

of Brandy Station that one of these instances occurred. In the heat of the engagement a cavalryman's horse was shot under him. A shell had taken off the horse's hind legs clean, and the cavalryman and horse rolled together in the dust. "That fellow," said the General, "was the coolest man I ever saw. He got up and shook himself and commenced to take off his saddle and bridle and carefully piled them with his other traps in a little heap. Although the shot were screaming past him and the air was full of bullets and shell, he acted with as much deliberation as if he were getting ready for breakfast. That is what attracted my attention. I watched that fellow, thinking that was the kind of man I wanted in my escort. At that moment another shell took off his horse's head, and he looked upon him a moment, and then put his foot upon the horse's body, about the only thing that was left of the animal, and shook his fist in the direction of the Confederate battery over on the hill. It was the most comical sight to me I ever saw, and I burst out laughing. I couldn't help it, although we were in a pretty tight place. The next morning I sent over to the regiment to which the soldier belonged and asked the name of the man whose horse had been killed in the manner stated. My orderly returned saying that he couldn't find him. When I inspected the regiment, or what was left of it, that day, I rode down the line and looked at every man to see if I could pick him out myself. Don't you know that I never could find out that fellow? You see, he had probably stolen a horse from the quartermaster's department and remounted himself, and was afraid to come forward for fear of a court-martial. He was a brave fellow, and I have would have been glad to have made him a sergeant."

A WAR DUEL AND ITS RESULT.

On the 12th of June, 1863, a singular duel took place in Greene County, in East Tennessee, between Captain Jones, of the Union forces, and Captain Fry, of the Confederate army. For months these two officers had commanded an outpost on opposite sides of Lick Creek, a stream too deep to ford and too shallow for a ferry-

boat, spanned by a bridge which both wished to preserve for the sake of the crossing that might at any time become imperatively desirable, but which each resolutely determined should not pass wholly into the possession of the other. After fighting for months with varying success, but no lasting advantage to either, they agreed to fight a duel for the bridge, the victor to hold undisputed possession for the time being. Jones gave the challenge, and Fry accepted. By the terms agreed upon they were to fight with "navy sixes," at twenty paces, deliberately walking toward each other and firing until their last shot was discharged, unless one should fall meantime. Seconds were chosen and a Confederate surgeon, the only one within reach, attended in his professional capacity. Both were fine-looking men, ideal soldiers in appearance, Fry being the taller, standing six feet, slender, with long curly hair, dark eyes, and a nonchalance that was more impressive than any bluster could have been. Jones lacked two inches of six feet, and with his light hair, blue eyes and regular, resolute features, seemed every inch a chieftain. Both were brave to a degree. Fry was suffering from a severe flesh wound in the left arm, but came on the field as cool and collected as his opponent.

The preliminaries settled, each took his position. Jones' second won the word, and he slowly said, "One—two—three—fire!" They simultaneously turned at the word "One" and instantly fired. Neither was hurt. They cocked their pistols and deliberately walked toward each other, firing as they went. At the fifth shot Jones threw up his right hand and, firing into the air, sank slowly to the ground. Fry was in the act of firing his last shot, but, seeing Jones fall, the Southern chivalry within him rose and he silently lowered his pistol. The sight of his opponent prostrate on the ground seemed to work a revulsion of feeling, and he sprang to the side of the fallen man, took his head into his lap and asked, with evident concern, how badly he was wounded.

The surgeon and the seconds were quickly by the side of the men. It was found that Fry had been wounded three times, one shot striking the right side, one the left arm and the third breaking the right

arm. It was months before he recovered and returned to duty. Jones' case was even more serious. Three balls had inflicted as many frightful, though not serious, flesh wounds in the body, while the fourth ball had struck near the stomach, but had fortunately been deflected so as to barely escape that organ, coming out to the left of the spinal column. He narrowly escaped dying, but got well at last. Both fought the war out.

The most singular part of the story is the sequel to the duel. After the war the men met. Their respect for each other's bravery led to an acquaintance, which ended in the strongest friendship, and finally the two whilom foes became partners in business.

"*DIED LIKE A GENTLEMAN.*"

General Lytle, just before he received his fatal wound at Chickamauga, had made his brilliant charge into the midst of the enemy, where all chances of retreat were cut off. Suddenly he thrust his hand into his coat pocket, drew forth a pair of kid gloves and began putting them on. Asked by an aide the reason for this movement, so unexpected under such thrilling circumstances, the General answered: "Don't you see we are surrounded and that there are but two alternatives left us—to die or surrender? For my part I propose to die like a gentleman!" He drew on his gloves and soon after fell. Those who knew General Lytle knew him to be almost punctilious about the appointments of a gentleman, but no one ever supposed him capable of such incomparable coolness.

LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG ORATION.

Hon. Edward McPherson, who was with President Lincoln when the latter wrote his matchless oration delivered at Gettysburg, thus describes the way in which it was composed and delivered:

"I represented the Gettysburg District in Congress at the time of the battle, and at the dedication of the cemetery Mr. Lincoln was my guest. He was not sure that he could be present when he was first asked, but said that he should go to Gettysburg if possible. I

think he was not prepared to say positively that he would go until a very few hours before the time set for leaving Washington, so he could not have given any thought to the oration before. I was his seat-mate in the car, and though he talked pleasantly, and spoke of the country through which we were passing, yet I thought he was laboring with one of those spells of profound melancholy with which he was at times afflicted. He spoke of Mr. Everett, who was to deliver the chief oration, and said that Everett ought to be at his best. I knew that Mr. Everett had given even more than his usual care in preparing this oration, and looked upon his work as a masterpiece, and I believe I told Mr. Lincoln so, and he said that the theme was great enough to inspire such an orator as Everett to his best. Mr. Lincoln, I think, had no thought of saying anything himself, but I told him that he would be expected to make a few remarks, for it would not be permitted him to be silent. He sat for some moments absorbed in thought, and at last began to feel in his pockets, as if for loose paper. I asked him if he wanted paper and pencil, and he said, 'Yes, a scrap of paper;' and I opened my valise and gave him two or three sheets of note paper. He drew up his long knees, and, putting a book on them, wrote, jotting down, as I supposed, a few heads or suggestions. He wrote right along, without hesitation or erasure, and filled one page and a part of another. Then he folded it up and put it in his pocket, simply saying that he had set down a few lines that had occurred to him to say.

"At the cemetery, at the proper time, he arose, put on his spectacles, and drew these sheets from his pocket. I do not think he had looked at them again after writing them in the cars, and in a low voice, which could be heard but a few feet away from the stage, he read those splendid lines. The few who heard him were most profoundly impressed, but upon the vast throng who saw him the oration made no impression whatever, because few heard it. No proper report of the oration was made, and Mr. Lincoln crumpled the manuscript up and would very likely have thrown it away if I had asked him for it. It was not until it had been printed in a

newspaper and then widely copied that its wonderful beauty, both in thought and literary workmanship, was recognized, and Mr. Lincoln was very much surprised to learn that scholars were quoting it as the best model of pure English and true eloquence the language had furnished, at least in America."

CHEERED BY THE ENEMY.

At the battle of Stone River General Bragg ordered a charge by Breckenridge's corps, which was gallantly made, but was repulsed by the Union forces, the Confederates being beaten off with a loss of 2,000 men. Among the troops that charged so furiously was the division of Major General J. P. McCann, who rode in gallantly at the head of his men. Before the war he had been a Lieutenant in the regular army, and his old command—the Fourth United States Artillery—was just in his front. No one could have done more than he did on that day to win success, and no troops could have done better than those he led, but nothing could withstand the storm of grape and canister that was sweeping the advancing ranks away, and they broke and run. McCann, still leading, was at this time not more than fifty feet in front of his old battery. Even through the smoke of their guns the men recognized their old commander, while he remembered the faces of his former command, and although chagrined at defeat he could not repress his feelings of admiration at the splendid work his old battery was doing. Turning his horse straight to the front, he rose up in his stirrups, and, swinging his hat in the air over his head, he yelled:

"Three cheers for the Fourth Artillery!"

Then turning, he slowly picked his way back from among the dead and dying and rejoined his division, unhurt.

THE FIRST CONFEDERATE FLAG CAPTURED.

The first Confederate flag captured in the war was taken by Sergeant John G. Merritt, of the First Minnesota Infantry, who thus described his action:

"I applied to Lieutenant Holtzborn, of my company, for the privilege of selecting four men for the purpose of capturing the first Confederate flag we could get. The Lieutenant told me it was a hazardous undertaking, but said, after consultation with Captain Lester, I had permission. * * * The man who carried the colors was about five feet ten or eleven inches, dark complexioned, with black hair, slight mustache and black eyes. He, with others about him, wore grey clothes and black slouch hats; some one was trying to form them. The color bearer had his coat unbuttoned, with his hat on the back of his head. As I got within a few feet of him I commanded him in a peremptory manner to surrender, and at the same time Dudley, Durfee and myself cocked our guns. I grabbed the colors out of his hand. He and one or two more said: 'Don't shoot! don't shoot!'

"The flag was a red one with a white stripe running through the middle of it, with blue in one corner and some stars on it. As soon as I grabbed the colors out of the bearer's hands I told him to follow me quick, and at the same time told my men to get back to the regiment as soon as possible. Dudley, Grim and myself were laughing at the easy thing we had, and all of us running for the regiment as fast as we could go, when—bang! bang! bang! came a volley after us, killing Grim and the comrade, whose name I have forgotten."

SAVED BY PETTICOATS.

A member of the Twenty-fifth New York Cavalry tells a good story of his failure to capture a noted Confederate scout, William Baxter, known as "Billy Bowlegs," at a time when he was known to be visiting his mother's house near a little Virginia village about eleven miles from Harper's Ferry.

"The scout had been described to us as of slender build, medium height, fair complexion and dark eyes. Enough was known about his nerve to know that he would not be taken alive if he had any show to fight, and, therefore, as we approached the house about midnight, from across a field, we were anxiously wondering how we should get at him. If we knocked at the door he would be alarmed and have time

to arm himself. If we broke in we might, and probably should, find him in bed. It was a still, clear night, rather cold, and we hung about for half an hour before adopting a plan. Then we decided to break in the doors. Two of us went to the front door and two to the back, while the fifth man stood ready to receive the scout in case he dropped from a second-story window supposed to be in his bed-room. We crept softly up, and at a signal both doors were burst——. No, they weren't! Neither of them gave an inch under the pressure, and in response to the efforts we made, a woman's voice called out:

"'Who is it, and what's wanted?'

"'Open the door or we'll break it down!'

"'Wait one minute!'

"She struck a light and we heard her moving about, and in a couple of minutes the front door was opened and a grey-haired woman of forty-five stood there with a candle in her hand.

"'Union soldiers, eh? Come right in,' she said, smiling as if glad to see us.

"I posted three of the men around the house and entered with the other, and as soon as I was inside I said:

"'Madam, we have come for your son. We know he is here. We shall take him dead or alive.'

"'Oh, you have come for Billy, have you!' exclaimed a girl about eighteen years of age, who came running down stairs at that moment. 'Excuse me, gentlemen, for not being fully dressed, but you see, you didn't send us any word.'

"She laughed in a merry way, while the mother smiled good-naturedly. She had on a neat-fitting calico dress, a ribbon at her throat, and except that her hair looked 'tumbled,' she looked as well prepared as if she had expected our coming.

"'Yes, Jennie, they want Billy,' said the mother, as she placed the candle on a stand.

"'And we are bound to take him, dead or alive!' I added, in a loud voice, suspecting the scout was within hearing.

"'Oh, how sorry!' laughed the girl. 'If brother Billy had only known you were coming! But he didn't, you see, and so he went away at dark. He'll never forgive himself—never!'

"'We must search the house,' I said.

"'Oh, certainly. Mammy, you light another candle and I'll show the gentlemen around. Perhaps the sight of Billy's old clothes will do 'em good.'

"Well, sir, we hunted that house from attic to cellar, and all we found was an old suit of Billy's clothes. The scout had skipped, and the best I could do was to apologize to mother and daughter, accept a midnight luncheon at the hands of the latter, and take the back track for the river. I'll own up, too, that I was 'dead gone' on Jennie before I left, and that I said to her, as I squeezed her hand at parting:

"'When the war is over I'm coming to ask you to be my wife.'

"'And—and—I'll say—say y-e-s,' she whispered in my ear.

"We got back to the ferry soon after daylight and there met a Union farmer living neighbor to the widow. When he heard what we had been up to, he asked:

"'Was the widder all alone?'

"'No; her daughter Jennie was there.'

"'Daughter Jennie! Describe her.'

"'Good looking girl of medium height, black eyes and hair, and a sweet talker. I'm going back to marry her after the war is over.'

"'Bet you a farm you don't! That 'ar gal Jennie was nobody else but that 'ar scout, Billy Bowlegs! He jist jumped into some of his mammy's clothes, and you pig heads couldn't see through it!'

"He was right. I met Billy at Harper's Ferry after the war, and he wanted to know if I had taken out the marriage license yet."

GIVING THE ALARM AT VICKSBURG.

Before the war Dr. Horace Tibbetts, a wealthy planter living at Transylvania Landing, some distance above Vicksburg and on the opposite side of the Mississippi River, established a private telegraph line to a point opposite Vicksburg, for his own private use. This line

proved of great use to the Confederates, for, after the fall of Memphis, they placed a telegraph operater at Transylvania to keep a strict lookout for the movement of Union troops and boats toward Vicksburg. Another was stationed at the terminus of the line opposite Vicksburg and ordered not to be absent more than an hour at a time. The batteries at Vicksburg had orders to respect his green flag in daytime and his red light at night.

One dark and stormy night the last mentioned operator was at Vicksburg and spent a longer time than usual with some old friends whom he had met in a Confederate regiment there. Finally, and after almost superhuman efforts, he reached the Louisiana shore in safety. Hastily securing his boat, with a choking sensation of the throat, for excitement at neglect of duty had rendered him almost a paralytic, he rushed into the office, and, as telegraphers say, cut in. Instantaneously he heard Transylvania calling "v," "v," with the energy of despair, and answered, "i, i, i—v."

His first words were, "Great God, F——, sixty-nine transports and gunboats have passed since dark, and as far as the eye can reach up the river they are still coming. Rush across and give the alarm. I leave here, for this line will be destroyed and of no more service."

The storm had not abated, but without a thought of danger the operator hurried across to Vicksburg.

A great ball was in progress, at which the General and his staff, as well as all the beauty and chivalry of the city and the surrounding country were present. The great house was a surging mass of dancers and promenaders.

Singling out the General, he walked up to him respectfully, saluting himself and lady partner. The General scowled at the sudden and disreputable intruder, who was thoroughly drenched from head to foot and muddy to a degree. Then he exclaimed, "Well, sir!" in a loud and threatening manner. The operator handed him a piece of paper upon which he had hastily written the number of boats that had passed, etc.

He glanced at it at first deliberately, but in a second he drew it close

to his eyes. His face paled, his brow contracted, and he exclaimed: "Where did you get this information, sir?" The reply was: "I am stationed across the river from this city, in charge of the telegraph, by your order."

The great crowd had pressed around them, as his remarks were in a very high key. He exclaimed: "Well done, sir; thank you;" and turning to the crowd exclaimed: "All officers of the army will hurry to their respective camps at once. The enemy are within a few miles of us and may land by morning. All families wishing to leave the city will be furnished transportation by rail." In five minutes that ball was a thing of the past.

TWO AT ONCE.

A Union soldier who was on picket at a lonely spot near Cane Hill, Ark., the night before Blunt attacked Marmaduke, describes a singular accident by which no doubt the lives of himself and his companion were saved by the death of two of the enemy. They had had a very hard march and his companion had gone to sleep, despite his carelessness would have meant court-martial and death if discovered. Says the writer:

"When I found that no argument of mine would keep his eyes open, my only recourse was to keep double watch, and so make sure that the relief did not find him asleep when it came up. I was so thoroughly tired out that I could not have slept even in camp.

"After the first hour had passed away and I had become accustomed to the noises and the loneliness, there was nothing so very disagreeable in the situation. My comrade had gradually fallen over, until at last he was flat on the ground. I sat with my back to the tree, facing the bend in the road and the bridge, and, though the night was without a moon, I could have easily detected any one seeking to cross the stream by the highway. An hour and a half had passed when the silence was broken by a stifled cry. It acted on me like an electric shock, and I sprang up, my heart in my mouth. I could not tell from which direction it came, and as there had been only one cry,

I soon made myself believe that it had been uttered by some bird or animal. Nevertheless, my nerves were all on edge, and the loneliness grew so oppressive that I determined to arouse my comrade. As I moved over to him for this purpose my foot struck his musket, which was leaning against the tree, and it fell down and was discharged. The sharp report was followed by an "Oh! oh!" close at hand, and the sleeper at my feet was awake and on his feet in five seconds. We stood there, looking this way and that, and listening as only men can when peril menaces, until the corporal's guard came trotting up to ascertain the cause of the firing.

"Then, what do you suppose we discovered? Not over twenty feet from the tree, in the woods by the roadside, lay the bodies of two of the toughest-looking bushwhackers one ever saw. One was right behind the other, and the ounce ball from the musket I had knocked down had passed through both their bodies just below the breast-bone. Each had a bowie-knife, and each knife was stained with fresh blood, and when we investigated further we found that both men on the outpost to our right had been assassinated—each being stabbed in three or four places. You may call it Providence, accident, or whatever you will, I am only giving you the facts in the case, and facts that can be substantiated by scores of men still living."

HOW A REGIMENT WAS WIPED OUT.

At the battle of Pleasant Hills, La., a Texas cavalry regiment, numbering 348 men, were seen forming for a charge against a Union brigade of infantry. The latter had good cover and were fresh. The cavalry had to dash across a field to reach the line, and before they came the commander of the brigade passed along behind his two lines and ordered the men to hold their fire until the word was given. Each pair were instructed to fire at one cavalryman—or, rather, one at the man and the other at the horse.

The cavalry made the charge in one line, but it was so much shorter than the front of the brigade that three fires could be concentrated. The Confederates came forward with a dash and a yell, keeping a pretty

even front until they were within 100 feet of the line, when all the muskets rang out together. One volley was enough. That regiment was so nearly blotted off the face of the earth that only four of its members returned to the Confederate lines. Over 200 of their horses were killed outright, and at least another hundred wounded. There were not ten wounded men to pick up. Every Union soldier had a dead aim and a close target.

TRUE TO HIS PRINCIPLES.

When the Confederate army was in retreat after Gettysburg they pressed into service all the horses they could find in the country through which they were passing, the quartermasters being very liberal with pay—in Confederate money. Near Hagerstown they found an old Dunkard, with one horse, a good one, which was quickly appropriated. The farmer protested, but without avail. Finally he was told that there were many foot-sore horses in the command, one of which he could doubtless secure. At once he made his way to the headquarters of General E. Porter Alexander, of the artillery, and explained that as his only horse had been taken and his crop would be lost unless he had one, he wished the General to trade him one of the foot-sore horses for the one he had been despoiled of. He was most courteously met by the General, who, appreciating the sterling character of his visitor, was as anxious to do as well by him as was possible under the circumstances. He at once offered one foot-sore animal, and payment—in Confederate money—for the Dunkard's horse, besides. This was respectfully declined. Then Alexander offered to give him an order on the United States, signed by General Longstreet, for the value of his impressed horse, but this was declined also. Then the generous Confederate offered to include the value of the Dunkard's entire farm, without success. He wanted nothing but the foot-sore horse. Alexander told him to take two or three of them, as they would be left behind, anyhow, when the army should move again. Replied the sturdy old man: Well, sir; I am a Dunkard, and the rule of our church is an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth, and

a horse for a horse, and I can't break the rule." By this time Alexander had become really interested in the transaction. He explained that the Lord, who made all horses, knew that a good horse was well worth a dozen worn-out, old battery scrubs, and after some time prevailed upon the Dunkard to take two, by calling one of them a gift. But at midnight on the following night Alexander was awakened by approaching hoofs and he and his staff were out of bed and on their feet in a minute, expecting important orders. It was the old Dunkard, riding one and leading the other foot-sore horse! "Well, sir," he said, "you made it look all right to me to-day when you were talking; but after I went to bed to-night I got to thinking it all over and I don't think I could explain it to the church, and I would rather not try." With that he tied one old foot-sore to a fence and rode off abruptly, leaving Alexander and his staff with an experience so novel and entertaining as to largely compensate for the inconvenience of being aroused out of sleep, even after the fatigue of the recent great battle.

CAPTURED BY A WOMAN.

"During the retreat of Lee's army from the field of Gettysburg to the Potomac," says a Confederate writer, "a great effort was made by the officers to prevent straggling, but it would have required an officer to a man to have carried out the programme successfully. We had been beaten, and felt discouraged and reckless. We were on short rations, the weather was dismal, and the rank and file were in no mood to be nagged by strict discipline.

"The command to which I belonged left Gettysburg about 10 o'clock at night, and for the first three or four hours the men were kept well in hand, under the impression that we were only changing positions to secure an advantage over the Union forces. As daylight broke and we realized that we were on the way home, squads and individuals broke away at every opportunity to forage for a breakfast. In company with two private soldiers belonging to my company I slipped away from the column about sunrise, and, while a black-look-

ing thunder-storm seemed close at hand, we bolted into a piece of woods by the roadside, and then struck for a highway running at right angles, on which we could make out three or four farm-houses. We selected the first, or nearest, and as we entered the gate a woman opened the door and stood waiting for us to approach. She knew we were Confederates, and asked many questions concerning the battle, and did not attempt to conceal the fact that she was a thorough Unionist and an ardent hater of Jeff Davis.

"'Nevertheless," she added, as she turned to go in, "you men are not altogether to blame, and you shall have a bite to eat as soon as I can get it.'

"We went around to the back door, laid aside our guns and accoutrements, and had a good wash-up in the rain-barrel. Then we sat down on the grass to wait for breakfast, the odor of which came to us. But for the suggestion of one of our comrades everything would have gone well. Not far from us was a stone smoke-house, and through the partly open door we could see pieces of meat hanging from the rafters. He suggested that we further investigate, with a view of 'gobbling' some of the meat as we left, and we got up and went straight to the house and entered it. There were two hams and two sidepieces hanging up, and at the back end of the building, which was about twelve by twelve, was a barrel filled with old rag carpet, on top of which was a setting hen. As we came near she began to exhibit the usual characteristics, and we were having considerable fun at her expense, when the door was shut with a bang and we heard the rattle of a chain and padlock. It was a close, dark place, and it was a minute or two before we reached the door and understood the situation. We began to kick and shout, and presently the woman's voice replied:

"'It's no use trying to get out! You are my prisoners, and kicking won't do any good!'

"How nice and soft we talked to her, but it was no go. Then we swore and blustered, but she only laughed at us. After awhile she passed us some bread and butter through one of the ventilators,

followed by a cupful of water, and there we remained all day, all night, and up to 8 o'clock next morning, when we were turned over to the Union cavalry."

TOO EXHUBERANT JOY.

In describing the exultation in the Union ranks at Appomattox when it was known that Lee had surrendered, "Private Dalzell" writes thus of the effect of the news upon the colored troops:

"The colored troops went wild—I think stark wild with joy. They shouted, danced and sang. They embraced each other, and rolled on the ground, kicking in the air, laughing, screaming, crying, and 'blessing de Lord.' Five thousand colored troops were close upon our right. Their exultation knew no bounds, and so transported were they in their ecstacy, in obedience to their peculiarly emotional instincts, that hundreds of them fired their rifles straight up into the sky, and the bullets returning with the same velocity with which they shot up, actually killed and wounded fifty of these happy fellows in the moment of victory and the delirium of their joy.

PUNISHMENTS IN THE ARMY.

A writer who was an artillery private in the Army of the Potomac, writes as follows regarding the punishments it was occasionally found necessary to inflict:

"Breaches of army discipline were promptly and severely punished. There is an unwritten military axiom which says that frequent courts-martial convened to try enlisted men for petty offenses sharply indicate that the regimental officers are inefficient. There was no complaint on this score in the Army of the Potomac in 1863-64. There was no necessity for punishing the volunteers. They were men of high intelligence. They could be reasoned with. They could and did see the necessity of soldier-like and decent behavior in their camps. They cheerfully obeyed orders, because they realized the necessity of obedience. But with large bounties came a different class of recruits, the bounty jumpers. These men had to be heartlessly molded into soldiers.

"The punishments inflicted on the enlisted men were various, and some of them were horribly brutal and needlessly severe; but they apparently served their purpose, and the times were cruel, and men had been hardened to bear the suffering of other men without wincing. One punishment much affected in the light artillery was called "tying on the spare wheel." Springing upwards and rearwards from the center rail of every caisson was a fifth axle, and on it was a spare wheel. A soldier who had been insubordinate was taken to the spare wheel and forced to step upon it. His legs were drawn apart until they spanned three spokes. His arms were stretched until there were three or four spokes between his hands. Then feet and hands were firmly bound to the felloes of the wheel. If the soldier was to be punished moderately he was left, bound in an upright position, on the wheel for five or six hours. If the punishment was to be severe the ponderous wheel was given a quarter turn after the soldier was lashed to it, which changed the position of the man being punished from an upright to a horizontal one. Then the prisoner had to exert all his strength to keep his weight from pulling heavily and cuttingly on the cords that bound his upper arm and leg to the wheel. I have frequently seen men faint while undergoing this punishment, and I have known men to endure it for hours without a murmur, but with white faces and set jaws and blazing eyes. To cry out, to beg for mercy, to protest, insured additional discomfort in the shape of a gag, a rough stick being tied into the suffering man's mouth. Tying on the spare wheel was the usual punishment in the artillery for rather serious offenses; and no man wanted to be tied up but once.

"There was another punishment which was much more severe than the spare wheel, and which, because it was apt to cripple the men physically, was very rarely employed. This was known as "tying on the rack." Back of every battery wagon is a heavy, strong rack, on which forage is carried. It stands out about two feet behind the wheels. Its edge is not over an inch thick. The soldier who was to suffer the tortures of the rack was led to it. His hands were dragged forward as far as they could be without lifting his feet from the ground,

and there they were bound to the felloes of the wheel. Then one foot was lifted and bound to the felloe of one wheel, then the other foot was bound to the felloe of the other wheel. The whole weight of the soldier was thrown on his chest, which bore heavily against the sharp edge of the rack. It is almost unnecessary to say that a gag was strapped into the prisoner's mouth to prevent articulation before he was extended on the rack. No man could endure the supreme pain inflicted by this torture without screaming. I have seen a strong and most determined man faint in less than ten minutes under the strain of this severe and brutal punishment, to be cut down and never again twirl sponge staff. I have heard men beg to be killed rather than to be tied on the rack.

"To be bucked and gagged? Yes, that was severe, but not dangerous. It was highly disagreeable and painful, too, if prolonged, and at all times calculated to make a man's eyes stick out of his head as lobsters' eyes do. And then the appearance of a man while undergoing the punishment was highly discreditable. The soldier about to be bucked and gagged, generally a drunken or noisy soldier, was forced to sit on the ground; his knees were drawn up to his chin, then his hands were drawn forward to his shins, and there they were securely bound together. A long stick was then thrust under his knees and over his arms. A gag was then securely bound in his mouth. The soldier who was bucked and gagged could not hurt himself or any one else. He could not speak, but he could make inarticulate sounds indicative of his suffering, and he invariably made them before he was released A soldier who had been bucked and gagged for getting drunk would shy at a whisky bottle, as a high-strung colt at a burnt stump, for six months.

"Daily men were tied up by the thumbs, and that was far from pleasant. The impudent bounty jumper who had stood on his toes under a tree for a couple of hours to keep his weight off his thumbs, which were tied to a limb over his head, was exceedingly apt to heed the words of his officers when next they spoke to him. The bounty jumper lacked the moral qualities which could be appealed to in an

honest endeavor to create a soldier out of a rough, but his capacity to suffer physically was unimpaired, and that had to be played upon.

"Then there was the utterly useless and shoulder chafing punishment of carrying a stick of cord wood. The stick that one picked up so cheerfully, and stepped off with so briskly, and walked up and down before a sentinel with so gayly in the early morning, had an unaccountable property of growing heavier and heavier, as the sun rose higher and higher. One morning at 10 o'clock I dropped a stick that did not weigh more than twelve pounds at sunrise. I sat down by it and turned it over and over. It had not grown, but I was then willing to swear that it had gained 188 pounds in weight during the time I had carried it.

WHAT A WOMAN COULD DO.

The wife of Captain Ricketts, of the First Artillery, U. S. A., was devotedly attached to her husband, and when the latter was wounded and taken prisoner the wife went to the front, through the lines, and found him, nursing him till he recovered. Her unselfish devotion touched the sympathies alike of Union and Confederate soldiers; and Wade Hampton himself, then Colonel Hampton, of South Carolina, red-hot Southerner as he was, brought with his own hand ale and other refreshments to the wounded officer and his wife. Major Webb, of North Carolina, once relieved the lady in her nursing while she took needed repose, and "Stonewall" Jackson himself saw personally to her comfort and that of her husband, and had both of them removed to better quarters.

Some months later on, however, Captain Ricketts was sent to Libby prison, and was one of the thirteen Northern hostages who were held to answer with their lives for the lives of thirteen Southern privateersmen who had been taken to New York. If these thirteen privateersmen were executed in New York, Captain Ricketts and twelve others were to be at once executed in a similar manner at Richmond. This was retaliation. This was war.

But this was not what the devoted wife would submit to. She

day and night protested against it. She wrote to Hampton and Webb, and then she called on and fell on her knees before Mrs. Cooper, of Richmond, the wife of the Confederate Adjutant General Cooper, and besought her to use her influence to have her husband released from the number of hostages. If ever there was an out-and-out "Southern sympathizer" it was Mrs. Cooper, but if ever there was a true woman it was Mrs. Cooper also.

And the woman rose above the politician. She promised to use her influence in her Northern sister woman's behalf, and she did. Mrs. Cooper's motives were misconstrued; she was even suspected of becoming disloyal to her cause; she met with all sorts of obstacles; but she persevered till she saw Jefferson Davis himself, who coldly referred her to the Secretary of War.

No sentimental, personal arguments could touch the Secretary. Mrs. Cooper saw that at her first interview, but the ingenuity of her sex came to her aid.

Just then the Confederate government was anxious for European recognition, and desired to appear well in the eyes of foreign governments. Knowing this, Mrs. Cooper took advantage of it, and eloquently convinced the Confederate Secretary of War that it would look very badly in the eyes of England and France for him to seize as hostage, subject to a violent death, a very sick man with such a devoted wife. Reluctantly convinced of this, the Secretary issued a special order to the Confederate Provost Marshal, General Winder, "that all wounded officers should be exempted as hostages." This covered Captain Rickett's case, and he was released from his terrible predicament.

And thus a general order was issued by the Southern government really to oblige the wife of a Northern captive, and through the untiring kindness of the wife of a leading Southern official.

Captain Ricketts was subsequently exchanged and came with his faithful wife to New York. But Mrs. Ricketts never forgot the genuine kindness of the Southern woman, and when Major Webb, of North Carolina, was himself taken prisoner by the North,

Mrs. Captain Ricketts rested not day or night till he, too, was released.

"OH, SEND THEM TO THE COOK'S TENT!"

While General Hancock, like all other West Point graduates, was a rigid disciplinarian, he had one of the kindest of hearts. At one time he undertook to superintend the drill of some raw recruits. For a time they did fairly well. When, in putting them through the manual of arms, the order to "Make ready!" came, followed, by "Take aim!" about half the recruits fired. A second trial was made, after a sharp reprimand, and about sixty pulled the trigger at the "Take aim!" The boys were again cautioned, and another trial made. About six rifles were fired. For an instant Hancock was furious. Calling up an aide-de-camp, he shouted: "Find out who those men are that fired those guns!" After a search, the men were found and ordered to step to the rear. The aide then inquired of the commander what should be done with the men. The General sat on his horse and reflected. The few minutes interval had given him time to cool off. He did not feel like inflicting a severe punishment on men whose only offense was greenness, yet, having begun, he must do something. Finally, turning his horse to ride off and get rid of the unpleasant dilemma, he blurted out: "Oh, ——, send them to the cook's tent!" "Send them to the cook's tent!" became a by-word of the corps, which lasted throughout their service.

WORDS OF PROPHECY.

On the evening of the 22d of January, 1861, Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, on his way from Washington, where he had just delivered his last speech in the United States Senate, and in company with many other Southern Senators and Congressmen, resigned his seat in Congress, stopped in Chattanooga on his way home. It had been rumored during the day that he was coming, and in expectation of seeing him a large crowd of people had assembled at the Crutchfield House. At that time great excitement prevailed throughout the

Southern States. Secession was being talked of everywhere, as the only remedy left them by the election of Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency of the United States. Tennessee had refused to adopt any such remedy, and as the fire-eaters retired from Congress and passed through Chattanooga, they stopped over and made speeches to the people, urging upon them to go with the South and take part in the movement, promising Tennessee that the state should never see a Federal soldier or ever be called upon to pay a dollar of the debt contracted by war. It was under such circumstances that Davis arrived in that city. After supper he came out of the dining-room at the hotel, accompanied by his wife and several well known leaders in the secession movement. Calls were made for him to speak, and a chair being placed in the center of the room, he stood upon it and spoke substantially as follows:

"GENTLEMEN—The South has had a great wrong imposed upon it by the election of Abraham Lincoln, an Illinois railsplitter, to the Presidency of the United States. Our only resource is to secede from the Union and establish a government for ourselves. Calling on the people of Tennessee to go with the South, he pledged them that he only wanted their strength and influence; that the Cotton States would pay the debt of the war, and that Tennessee would not have a dollar to pay. Telling them that Mr. Buchanan was powerless and could not protect them; that they must unite the South in a solid body, march on their cities, and lay them in ashes, for in that consisted their wealth and strength, and that the way to touch a Yankee's soul was to strike his purse. The South had the material—cotton was King. France and Old England, he said, could not do without it, and would be forced to side with the South to keep their factories in operation and their people from starving. That the spindles of New England would rust for want of cotton—that the South had the wealth, strength and the power—in reality, the life of the Government. Calling on the Tennesseeans to go with the South in this struggle, he eulogized them for their courage, boasted of their deeds of daring on the fields of Mexico, saying that he knew full well the meaning of the click of their trusty rifle. In ties, associations, Tennessee was directly interested and ought to go with the South."

He felt satisfied, he said, that the people would not prove recreant to their trust. When the time came she would lock shields with her sister States and meet the vandal foe. As or himself, in the language of the great patriot, he would say, "Give me liberty or give me death!" The election of Abraham Lincoln by the party

sustaining him, was equivalent to a direct war upon the South. Her peculiar institutions were no longer safe, and there was now nothing left but to fight. As for himself, he preferred death before dishonor.

This speech created intense excitement. Davis was a finished orator, and on this occasion he exerted all his powers to convince his hearers of the justice of the cause into which he had thrown himself and his fortunes, and in which he desired to persuade them to aid. For a few minutes no one attempted any reply to Davis, when suddenly William Crutchfield, who happened to be in the hotel, which at that time was owned by his brother, mounted the counter and replied with vehemence, aided by the rage which burned within him at having listened to such language. He said:

"GENTLEMEN—You have just heard the honorable gentleman, Senator Davis, of Mississippi, a gallant soldier, who, on the plains of Mexico and before Monterey, bared his bosom to the storm and periled his life under the flag for you and I. For that I love and respect him, but now he is growing old and grey, and, Cæsar like, ambitious!

"Behold your future military despot. The gentleman says that we are powerless, that we must appeal to arms for our rights, that Mr Buchanan can not help us, that we must secede and appeal to the sword. I deny it. I denounce him as a renegade and traitor. If he was contending for the rights of the South, and the interests of Tennessee, he would be in the Senate Chamber and with our Tennessee Senators and Congressmen, defending our rights. On joint ballot we had a majority of fourteen. No odds what the North desired, they were powerless. Four years was a short time, an appeal to the ballot-box was the place to settle the trouble, not secession. Tennessee never stooped so low as to dictate to other States the course that they should pursue. I deny you the right to tell us what we shall do. We are freemen, and as such claim the right to think, speak and act for ourselves.

"We are not to be hoodwinked, bamboozled and dragged into your Southern, cod-fish aristocratic, Tory-blooded, South Carolina mobocracy.

"Well you may boast of the Tennesseean and the click of his rifle, for with our trusty rifle and our mountain boys we can whip out your Southern Confederacy and the balance of the world combined. We fight for the 'Union, the Constitution and the enforcement of the laws,' with our trusty rifles and our banner aloft, and the gentleman will live to see the day when the keen crack of the Tennessee rifle will not sound so pleasant in his ears."

The sharpest point made by Crutchfield was in the neat turn he made on Davis, who said: "You Tennesseeans were born in secession and rocked in the cradle of revolution." This was a reference to the

attempt to organize and set up the State of Frankland, against the authorities of North Carolina. This Crutchfield, with vivid force, turned to advantage by the quick reply: "Yes, Tennesseeans, we were born in secession as the State of Frankland, and rocked to death in the cradle of revolution—as we deserved—and such will be the result in this case, as it ought to be." Crutchfield concluded in a frenzy of excitement; "Talk of Tennesseeans following the nullifying South Carolinians and repudiating Mississippians! It is an assault upon our citizenship, and an insult to our manhood!"

"Stop, brother," said a voice from the crowd, "you will offend guests of the house!"

"Go on, go on, Crutchfield!" shouted excited Unionists.

"No, I will stop—the proprietor wishes me to stop, and it is his house."

During the delivery of this bold speech the crowd present listened with breathless attention, and at its conclusion the silence that ensued was unbroken except by the sound of the click of pistols, as those present prepared themselves for what every one expected to be a bloody fray. When Crutchfield uttered the words, "Behold your future military despot!" Davis was standing in the door-way, about six feet from him. Crutchfield's voice was lowered, and in slow, measured tones, shaking his finger at him, the prophetic language was used. The excitement was intense. The people were divided in sentiment and every man present was armed. Speeches of inflammatory character had been made by Benjamin and others previously, and the public mind was greatly excited. Suddenly a voice, quivering with passion, rung out in the hotel lobby:

"If there is any gentleman in the house who endorses the words of that scurrilous puppy, I'm his man!" and the tall form of Davis was seen standing on a chair in the midst of the crowd, his eye gleaming at Crutchfield.

"I'm your man!" yelled Crutchfield.

The effect was electrical. It was wonderful how by instinct, in a flash, that dense packed throng had divided into two lines, one around

Crutchfield, the other around Davis. There was a period of deadly silence. Not a word was spoken, but every man's hand was on his pocket. New arrivals, of which there was a constant stream, curious to see the distinguished guests of the hotel, stopped in amazement as they passed the threshold. Every man in those lines felt the presence of death. It seemed that there was full ten minutes of silence. The crush of the arriving visitors alone saved a deadly affray, which was fortunately for all averted, but which, if it had occurred, might have changed the history of the Southern Confederacy. A loud word, or the motion of an arm, would have affected National history.

A MILLIONAIRE PRIVATE.

At the outbreak of the rebellion, when Elias Howe, the inventor of the sewing machine, was a millionaire, he enlisted as a private to show patriotism and independence. Money grew scarce, and his regiment, which was sent South, was left unpaid for three months. At the end of that time Howe, in his private's uniform, one day entered the office of the quartermaster and asked when the soldiers of the regiment were to be paid.

"I don't know," replied the quartermaster.

"Well, how much is owed them?" blandly asked the private.

"What is that to you?" asked the officer, with a look of surprise.

"Oh! nothing," replied Howe, nonchalantly: "only if you'll figure out the amount, I'll give you my check for the whole business."

"Who are you?" gasped the quartermaster.

"Elias Howe, and my check is good for the pay of the entire division."

The quartermaster made out his bills, and Howe gave him his check for three months' pay for his regiment. The Government afterwards reimbursed him.

IT WON HIS SHOULDER STRAPS.

It was during the siege of Wagner, and the Union parallels were but a few hundred yards away from the grim black tubes that ever and anon "emboweled with outrageous noise the air, disgorging foul their

horrid glut of iron globes." A line of abattis was to be built across a clear space in point-blank range of the Confederate gunners and sharpshooters in front.

"Sergeant," says the officer in charge, "go pace that opening and give me the distance as near as possible."

What followed is best told in the words of the sergeant himself, who says:

"I started right off. When I got to the opening I put 'er like a ship in a gale of wind. With grape, canister, round shot, shell and a regular bees' nest of rifle balls, I just think there must have been a fearful drain of ammunition on the Confederate Government about that time. I don't know how it was, but I didn't get so much as a scratch, but I was powerfully scared. When I got under cover I couldn't 'er told for the life of me whether it was a hundred or a thousand paces. I should sooner have guessed a hundred thousand.

"Says the Captain: 'Well, sergeant, what do you make of it?"

"Soon's I could get my wind, says I, 'Give a guess, Captain?'

"He looked across the opening a second or two and then says, 'A hundred and seventy-five paces, say.'

" 'Thunder, Captain,' says I, 'you have made a pretty close guess. It's just a hundred and seventy-one.'

"And that's how I got my shoulder-straps."

END PART I.

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